



THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



LADY CHESHAM AS A POLO-PLAYER: BETWEEN THE CHUKKAS AT HALTON, WENDOVER.

Lady Chesham has taken to playing polo, as this photograph of her at Halton, Wendover, shows. She is a very good horsewoman, and at one time acted as Master of Hounds. She is the wife of the fourth Baron, and

the daughter of the late Mr. John Layton Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle; was married in 1915, and has one son—the Hon. John Charles Compton Cavendish, born in June 1916.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Triumph! I write on the morning of Budget Day. Within a few hours after these Notes have been dropped into the post the whole world will know whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken one shilling or eighteenpence off the income tax. Whether it is a shilling, friend the reader, or whether it is eighteenpence, you and I will still exult in our well-earned victory. Other journals may claim to have forced the hand of the Chancellor, to have brought him in sorrow and repentance to his knees, but we know well enough that our campaign has been going on not for weeks, not even for months only, but for years!

I congratulate you on your victory, and I am sure that you congratulate me on mine.

We have done exceedingly well. We have not flinched. We were after that bob—or that eighteenpence, as the event may prove—and we have got it. Weary and victorious warriors, we may now rest awhile from our labours. A whole year must elapse before another Budget comes along, with the remission, perhaps, of another shilling. By-and-by we will brace ourselves in readiness for the attack on the new Budget.

In the meantime, it is pleasant to think that we worked for others and not for ourselves. We have given everybody a shilling—or so—in the pound. Truly a sweetening thought for the First of May!

The Young Person in the Pink.

Without consulting either of us, and probably in total ignorance of our existence, a little girl of sixteen has walked from London to Brighton. I sometimes make the journey between London and Brighton in a Pullman car, and feel quite peevish and exhausted at the end of it. I do not, as a rule, take any refreshment during the journey, but almost every other occupant of the Pullman seems to feel the strain of travelling. The stewards run to and fro the whole time with trays of refreshments. You might suppose, unless you looked about you, that the car was entirely filled with shipwrecked mariners. I have seen two young women, on a morning train, consume two double whiskies-and-sodas apiece ("Not too much soda!") between Brighton and Victoria.

Miss Lilián Salkeld, who walked the distance, nourished herself with oranges, bananas, bread-and-butter, and a tomato. I have never

seen an orange, a banana, or a tomato served in the Pullman, which proves positively that it is easier to walk than to ride. I hope the somewhat short-winded gentlemen who hold season tickets will give their attention to this discovery on the part of Miss Salkeld.

"I was not at all troubled on the journey down," said Miss Salkeld to an interviewer, "and came along at a nice pace."

When have you heard a season-ticket holder declare that he was not troubled at all on the journey down and came along at a nice pace? "What are we stopping here for, conductor? Can't we have that window shut? What? Show my ticket? Don't you know me by this time? Think of the effort required to get a ticket out of my pocket!

appearance and ingratiating manners. Room cannot be found for all of them, you know, in the motor trade.

Mr. Day, it seems, believes that people can be persuaded to go to the theatre or the music-hall if the matter is put before them in the daylight. Do not be surprised, therefore, when a young gentleman, beautifully dressed, calls at your house and engages you in conversation about the show at your place of entertainment.

"Been to the Empire this week? No? Oh, my dear lady! Really, you must see it! Topping! Absolutely topping! As it happens, I've got a couple of tickets in my pocket which I can let you have—at the usual price. Lucky, eh? Here you are, then. Thanks and all that!"

The idea, by the way, is not new. I think I recorded an incident in these columns more than a year ago. The charming fellow engaged me in conversation in the foyer of a provincial theatre.

"By the way, have you seen the show that's coming next week? Rattling good show and a top-hole crowd! I happened to see them at Margate. What? Oh, you have seen it? Good!" And he sidled away to borrow another match from another unsuspecting creature.

The Evening Eye.

What has become of our coloured evening papers? We used to have a pink *Globe* and a green *Westminster Gazette*, but both have taken on other forms and the universal white colour.

This is a pity, because I am convinced that all evening papers should be printed on tinted paper. In the morning one reads one's paper with eyes that are fresh, and in a natural light.

In the evening the eyes are tired, and we thrust the paper as near as possible to a fierce electric light.

This cannot be a sound practice, yet I do not remember that the medical profession ever clamoured for tinted evening papers.

However, now that the income tax is out of the way—for the moment—we must turn our attention, friend the reader, to other needed reforms. And this is one of them.

Anyhow, I made a note about it a long time ago, and now, with a clear conscience, I can tear it up.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. GEORGE PHILIPPI AND MISS DE BITTENCOURT: BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BEST MAN, AND ATTENDANTS.

The marriage of Miss Elita de Bittencourt, younger daughter of Don Julio and Mme. de Bittencourt, to Mr. George Philippi, of Crawley Court, near Winchester, was celebrated at St. James', Spanish Place. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white tulle and silver lace, and was attended by six child bridesmaids—Lady Gloria and Lady Honor Vaughan (daughters of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne), Miss M. Hay (daughter of Lord and Lady Edward Hay), Miss Jacqueline Dyer (daughter of Lady Dyer), and Mlle. Carmen and Mlle. Juanita Gandarillas; and one page, Lord Vaughan, son of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne. Father E. M. Bernard Vaughan officiated, and Captain Alex Philippi acted as best man.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Disgraceful! I must have some more nourishment at once or I shall faint!"

Oh, my dear Sir, why not get out and walk?

A New Profession.

Mr. Harry Day, whose clever revues I have often enjoyed, has organised a new profession for gentlemen of nice appearance and ingratiating manners. There has been a terrific rush on Mr. Day's offices, and I am not in the least surprised. Whatever else we may lack in this country, there is no shortage whatever of gentlemen with nice

A Lady Owner Carries Off the Chester Cup.



WITH LORD LONSDALE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.



WITH LADY URSULA GROSVENOR: MISS ISOLDE AND MISS BARBARA GROSVENOR.



WITH MISS BRENDA FOX: LORD EDWARD ARTHUR GROSVENOR, M.C.



WITH HER CHIVALROUS, WHO WON THE CHESTER CUP: MRS. SOFER WHITBURN.

Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, the well-known lady owner, carried off the Chester Cup, for, to the surprise of everyone, her Chivalrous, starting at fifty to one against, won the race from Air Balloon by four lengths. The meeting was well attended, and our page shows some distinguished people who were present. Lady Ursula Grosvenor is the elder daughter of the

Duke of Westminster, and Miss Barbara and Miss Isolde Grosvenor are the children of Lord and Lady Hugh Grosvenor. Lord Hugh Grosvenor is the second son of the first Duke and an uncle of the present holder of the title; and Lord Edward Arthur Grosvenor is his youngest brother.—[Photographs by T.P.A. and S. and G.]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

The Royal Academy.

So much has been said about the Royal Academy Exhibition that Jane, having attended the private view and read all the criticisms, now thinks she will give up writing and try her skill with the brush instead. Apparently, however good your work may be, no two critics agree about it; and, however bad, there is always at least one who likes it!

But, next to being the creator of the most-discussed picture of the year, the really important person is surely the subject of a portrait. And so Lady Rocksavage's name has been on most lips. Either you raved over her Sargent and condemned the Sims, or vice-versa. And mostly one spoke with guarded words, for at the private view you never knew who might be just behind you! My own knowledge of art is guided merely by what my eyes have pleasure in seeing. Ignorance of technique may be deplorable, but I feel that the *métier* of the artist is to *explain himself*. His appeal to the world must be through his own medium. It ought not to be necessary for the layman to read, learn, and inwardly digest the thousand-and-one

volumes explaining in words what ought to be revealed more gloriously in colour and line.

But, as Jane does not profess to be an art critic, it won't interest the world to know exactly what pictures attracted her. Certainly there were many. Quite often they were not on "the line" at all, but in some inconspicuous place. And if you are Philistine enough still to prefer your own eyes to the trained opinions of others, you had best record the living pictures—even though most of them were hidden among the frumps. The funny part about artists is that, however well they paint, they dress abominably. Straight, hard fringes could never be anything but hideous (except on children). And as for fashionable clothes, you might as well have been in the middle of the last decade! Clothes were merely coverings. Skirts were neither long nor short. Hats were—but why go on? In any case, Lady Lavery was a most welcome exception in her *chic* dark-blue serge, with its little circular cape and waistcoat, and the most becoming little spring hat. No wonder Sir John is so fond of painting her! She is never twice the same. And, talking of that delightful man, he really is the most modest of mortals. He takes no credit for anything he does. If a portrait is particularly good, he gives all praise to the sitter, "who was so wonderfully patient and kind." If an idea is worked up by him to appear an inspiration of genius, he says, "You never can tell. It's just chance. I happened to hit on something I could do well. It really has so little to do

with one's own choice!"—or something like that. But if you look at his House of Lords picture, or his sketch of the Wedding Procession, or the portrait of Lady Powis, you are certain to find the same convincing qualities

that only a painstaking genius could paint—a genius whose eyes were all his own, whose soul sought nothing but truth, whose colour-sense and line-sense and all the other senses worked in absolute harmony with each other and with the subtle something mis-called creative passion.

There! Not so bad for a Philistine, and I admit that I would like to go on like that for pages; but what of the live people still left looking at the pictures? Lady Salisbury and Lady Albemarle in brown velvet; Lady Bristol in a caracul coat, and Lady Aberconway in black velvet; both Lord and Lady Beatty (Lady B. wearing a becoming brown velvet hat), Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Charles Hunter, Lord and Lady Harewood—Lady Harewood wearing a black velvet coat and a hat with green feathers; Katharine Duchess of Westminster in grey; Lady Winchester talking to Grace Lady

Wemyss; Lady Tree in all black with monkey fur; Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, who made the round of all the rooms together; Lady Glanusk, with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Baillie; Mr. Stephen McKenna talking to Mrs. Ambrose Dudley, who was in one of the new ankle-length gowns—a soft grey; Sir Herbert and Lady Jessel, Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, Sir Arthur Pinero, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mrs. Rosita McGrath, the explorer; and so many others that space forbids.

And with the Royal Academy now gathering unto itself Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Walter Russell, and Mr. Will Rothenstein—the New English Art men; with the International Society's President, Sir William Orpen, actually sending all his pictures there (though Whistler, as we all know, founded the International Society in *open hostility to the Academy*)—there is indeed a new spirit afoot in our land, and even Rossetti's romantic soul would be nearly satisfied. Though I doubt if any soul will find artistic ecstasy in Mr. Sargent's Generals—bless their hearts—and his! It's no one's fault. But twenty-two Major-Generals (and upwards), all in fawn colour with splashes of medal-ribbons—all with shining boots and determined

expressions—twenty-two not too vividly individualised personages may make a huge ceremonial achievement on canvas, but *could anyone on earth make them picturesque?* (In heaven they would probably wear more pleasing clothes. Only they may not all reach heaven; so, alas! it is awful to realise that never through all eternity will these General Officers of the Great War appear together except as they appear in this Sargent's squad!)

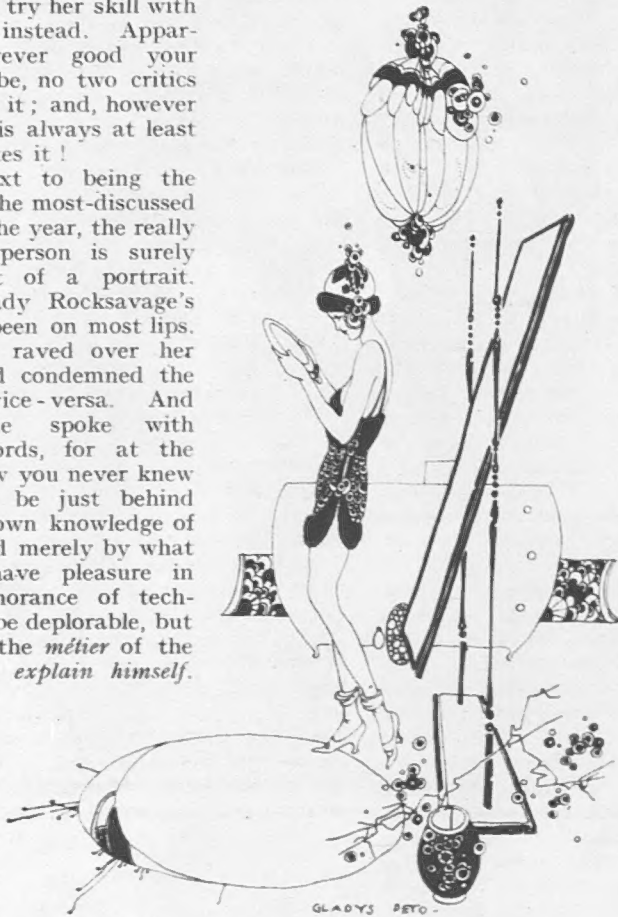
Lady Cunard and Mrs. Winston Churchill. Lady Cunard and Mrs. Winston Churchill were jointly "at home" at No. 5, Carlton House Terrace, on

Wednesday—the 3rd—afternoon, to hear Lord Ullswater, Mr. Churchill, and Colonel John Ward speak on behalf of the Russian Relief and Reconstruction Fund, whose schools at Constantinople under British control are now being enlarged to maintain, train, and educate 1000 Russian children for the sake of the future of their country.

But a more frivolous party will be given—a dinner party—by Lady Cunard, on the 18th, when everyone will be taken on to Mrs. E. Cunard's dance at 27, Portman Square.

And yesterday—9th—or, rather, last night, there was a very enjoyable musical party at the Danish Legation, 29, Pont Street, where Countess P. Ahlefeldt Laurvig was at home to members of the Diplomatic Corps and others.

While, of course, to-night the grand ball at Dudley House will absorb most of us.



1. This year Angela means to make a serious attempt to swim the Channel. She has acquired a very distinguished bathing costume—heavily trimmed with fur, to withstand the rigours of our English spring. . . .



2. . . . And she has retired to a sequestered spot—Dormville-in-the-Mud—to get a little quiet training. However, she and the darling dogs cause a good deal of interest in the town. . . .

Sir John and Lady Ward have lent it, as the ball is in aid of the Veterans' Association—a non-political, non-sectarian one, whose objects are embodied in the term "service to ex-Service men."

Poor Princess Beatrice was to have been the Royal Patroness, and meant to have gone to the ball had her cruel bereavement not prevented it. And Lady Curzon of Kedleston was to have taken a large party had her own illness and the illness of Lord Curzon not made it necessary for them both to go

jacket, including himself. The rest were in any old grey tweed or disreputable morning suit (and some of the collars were dirty!), and most of them ate chocolates, not only during the two intervals, but throughout the three acts. There were people devouring little pink ices, and there was even one man eating a banana! As for people one knew, you might have found them in the pit. There was certainly not one in the stalls. "What's the matter?" he said woefully. "Is it the prices? Fourteen-and-six for a

stall instead of the old ten-and-six? That's bad enough. But is it only that? You see your own kind at other places. They still have money for hunting and racing, thank goodness! They still decorate their houses beautifully and improve their gardens. They go to expensive tailors and expensive restaurants and night clubs."

And I could not answer. Can anyone? I only know it is so. You see all the well-known people, and all the "properly dressed" people only on the first few nights of a new play—and then usually the same small circle of "first-nighters." I believe it is the dance craze that has possessed all whose parties used to spread over a row of stalls when first I came out. Now a birthday or other occasion is celebrated by a party at the Embassy or Ciro's. Or a set of friends club together and hire a good jazz band, and "borrow" some long-suffering relation's house and dance all night. In India, my young soldier said, things are not as bad as that. Even the proletariat make some pretence of being clean. No officer would be allowed anywhere unless he were in conven-

tional clothes. And all the civilians copy the soldiers, so social life in India appears to be much as it ever was, though, alas! the percentage of "gentlemen" in the Army is not what it used to be. And some of the officers' wives! He had no words for them. Not only were they not "perfect ladies," but they were "pretentious would-be Society leaders, whose morals were nil and whose manners were monstrous!" But my young soldier is one of the old school, whose sisters, before 1914, were never allowed even in the Park unchaperoned.

Returning Swallows.

Crowds of people coming to London for the season. Sir Henry and Lady Yarde Buller have returned to 1, Green Street; Lord George and Lady Elizabeth Scott are back in Pont Street; Colonel and Mrs. Follett and their girl are already at 17, Eaton Square—Mrs. Follett is going to give a little dance on Friday, May 26; and, what with more young married hostesses than ever and a regular deluge of débutantes, it is hard to find a night now that has not been booked.

Lord and Lady Stafford's girls, Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth Byng, have just arrived from Canada, where they had the best of times staying with their uncle, Lord Byng of Vimy, who is, of course, Governor-General of Canada.

And Lady de Trafford and her daughter, Mrs. Violet de Trafford, are in London again, Mrs. V. de T. (as both mother and daughter are called by their friends) being often seen at the Embassy Club dancing beautifully. Other *habitués* there are Lord and Lady Blandford, Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford (Lady

Blandford's sister), Lady Ancaster, Mrs. Roland Cubitt, and Mrs. Montague.

I was delighted the other night when Miss Marjorie Moss and Mr. George Fontana gave their first exhibition of the new Pierrot dancing. Mrs. Richard Guinness was there in a black-and-red gown with touches of white. And her girl, Miss Zita Jungman, looked very well in white.

And, talking of dancing, at Ciro's on Wednesday night (their late night), I came across another big party of Lord and Lady Blandford's. Apparently they dance every night. The Euan Wallaces were there, Mrs. Wallace looking more than ever like her lovely aunt, Lady Lytton—and why she should is another proof that people who are much together grow alike, for, of course, Lady Lytton is only her aunt by marriage.

And Mr. Lionel Tennyson—as usual, the life of the party, apparently. Cricket or dancing, the great thing about him is that he does every mortal thing as though it were the only thing on earth worth doing!

And I saw Mrs. "Eben" Pike one day looking very *chic* in all black. Colonel Pike is one of the lucky Grenadier Guardsmen who appear to have evaded the Geddes axe still. They have just moved to a house in Southwick Crescent which I know Mrs. Pike will decorate in some delightful way—possibly painting the interior walls with her own hands, as she did their last house in Draycott Place. She is still better known as Miss Olive Snell, the artist.

And now to-day (Wednesday) the excitement in the lawn-tennis world is the match between the Army and Cambridge. The Army Six is captained by Major Ambrose Dudley this year, who is also taking a strong team next week to meet Oxford, where he won his "blue" in his undergraduate days. And the Bathurst Cup, now being played for at Queen's, presented by Lady Bathurst for international competition, marks another definite and important phase in the history of lawn tennis. The cup must be played



3. . . . And the whole population turn out to see her daily swim—entirely neglecting the weekly cinema and the free library provided for their entertainment. Several people fall off the roofs—and are run over also. . . .

down to their little house at Broadstairs for a week's fresh air.

Amongst the many who will probably take parties are the Duchess of Leeds, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Duchess of Somerset, and Mary Duchess of Hamilton. The sailors are to be patriotically represented by Lord Beatty, Sir Edmund Fremantle, Sir Lionel Halsey, Sir Roger Keyes and Sir Francis Haworth-Booth; while there are so many generals and generals' wives or daughters interested that I doubt if even Dudley House will hold them, much less the rest of us.

Other hard workers in the cause of charity who are going are Priscilla Lady Annesley, Lady Limerick (ever the soldiers' friend), Muriel Lady Helmsley, Lady Mary Bridgeman, Lady Desborough, Lady Hulton, Lady Headfort, Lady Titchfield, Lady Sligo, Miss Gladys Cooper, and Sir Gerald du Maurier.

In London Last Week.

In London last week we all froze in new spring frocks that made the icy north-east wind feel even more unfriendly than it actually was. In the Park I saw more fur coats over filmy dresses than ever before in May.

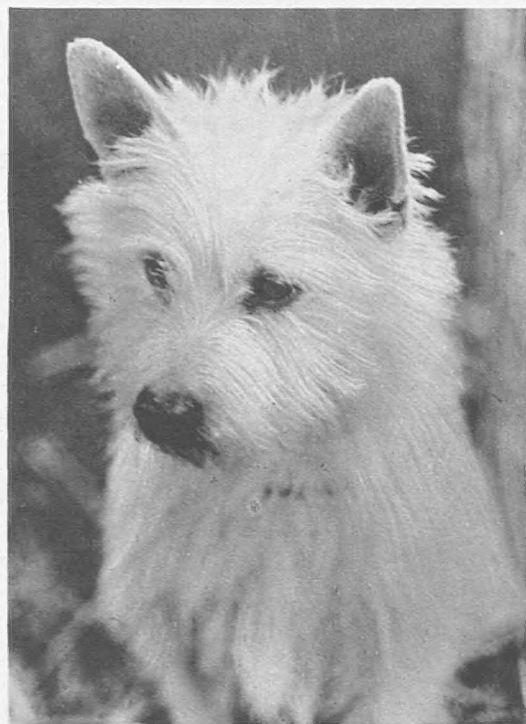
And I went to three plays with a jolly young officer returned from India for the first time since the war. He was disgusted—not by the plays, which were remarkably good, but by the people in the stalls. "Last time I went to a play," he said, "there was not a man in the stalls who wasn't in immaculate evening dress. Even dinner jackets were apologised for if you dined first with a party." And he positively winced as he looked about him. "Are all the gentlemen dead?" he asked. There were precisely seven men in the old conventional dinner



4. . . . Until a deputation of the leading citizens calls upon Angela and begs her to depart, as the life of the community is becoming so exceedingly deranged.

for alternately in London and Paris, and is the first recorded contest between set teams representing two countries. The Davis Cup is, of course, for individual competition. And whether you're first class or no class at all, lawn-tennis remains the great game of the day. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

KERRY BLUES AND OTHERS: TERRIERS



White Laird (West Highland Terrier)



Ellwyn Kith (Dandie Dinmont)



Pocketed — Floss in comfortable quarters.



Sitting for Knight (Kerry Blue)



Blue Lassie
(a prize-winning Bedlington)

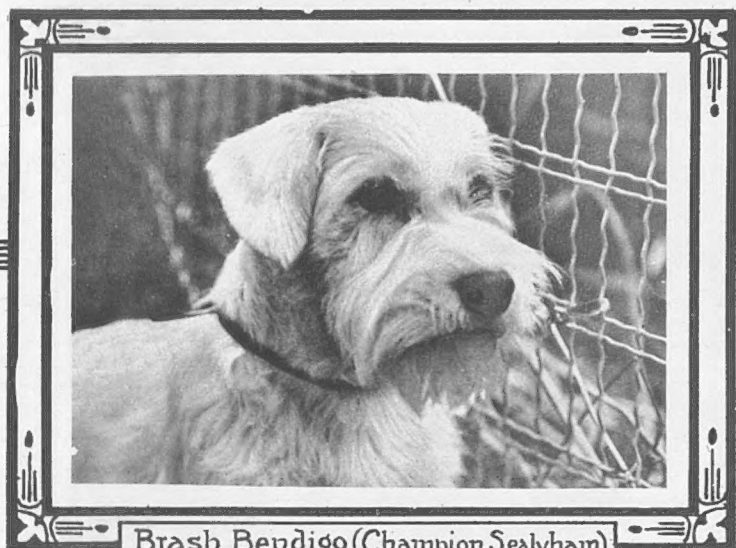


Cromwell Amber
(a Champion Fox Terrier)

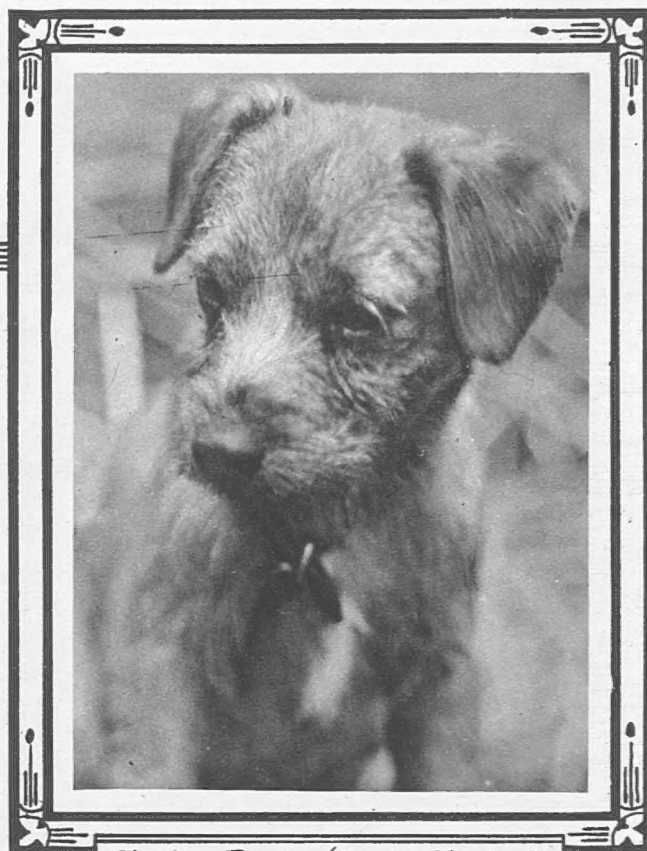
COMPETITORS AND CHAMPIONS: CANINE

The great Joint Terrier Show at Olympia attracted an unusually large entry, and the Kerry Blue terriers were again the object of great attention, for there is now a good deal of talk about this promising new breed. As yet, no uniformity of colour has been obtained—some are a pleasing blue, but others almost black. Our page shows some competitors and champions among the various classes. White Laird is the property of Mrs. L. Town; Mr. J. C. Dalgleish's Ellwyn Kith and Ellwyn Eve received championship awards; Brash Bendigo is Captain R. S. de Quincey's

AT THE JOINT SHOW AT OLYMPIA.



Brash Bendigo (Champion Sealyham)



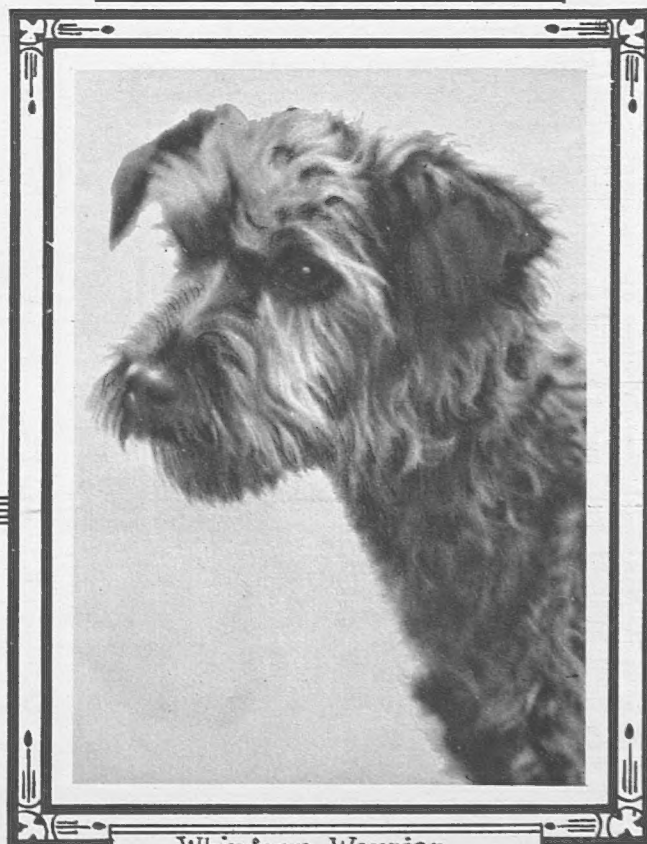
Shotton Rusty (Border Terrier)



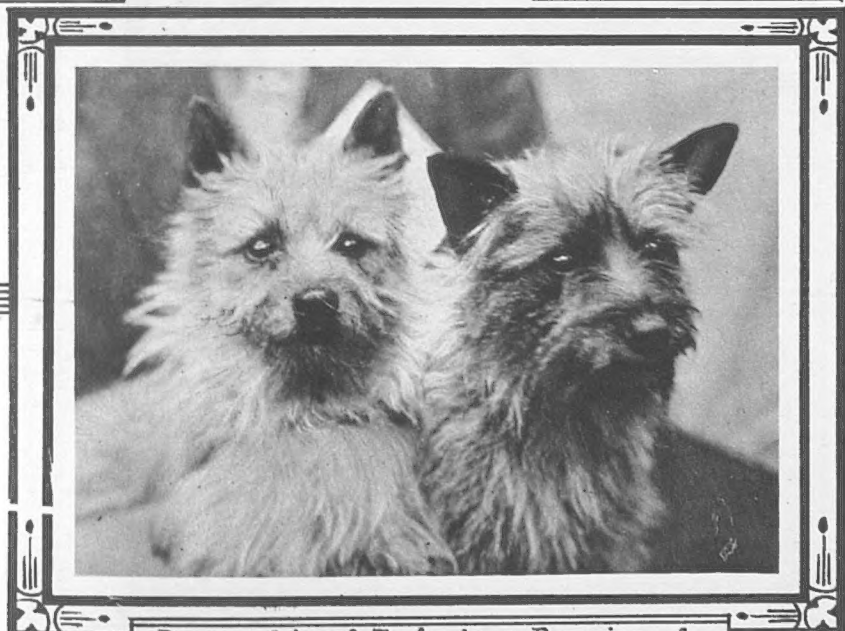
Portrait: The Blue
Lassie (Blue Terrier)



Baroness Burton
judging Cairn Terriers.



Whingorm Warrior
(Kerry Blue Terrier)



Bennachie of Trefusis & Benaire of
Trefusis (prize-winning Cairn Terriers)

ARISTOCRATS OF THE BENCHES.

Champion Sealyham, the nine-months-old son of Ch. Brash Binks. Shotton Rusty, the Border terrier, was exhibited by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. Mrs. W. Towers Minors' Bedlington Blue Lassie won a championship; Mrs. Losco Bradley's Cromwell Amber headed a number of classes; and the Hon. Edith Trefusis won with her Cairn terriers, Bennachie and Benaire of Trefusis. Baroness Burton, who judged the Cairn terriers, is a peeress in her own right, and the wife of Colonel Baillie of Dochfour.—[Photographs by Alfieri, I.B., and S. and G.]

Young Players with Lawn-Tennis Careers Before Them.



Miss J. Hextall.



Miss E. M. Head.



Miss P. Ingram.



Miss Colyer.



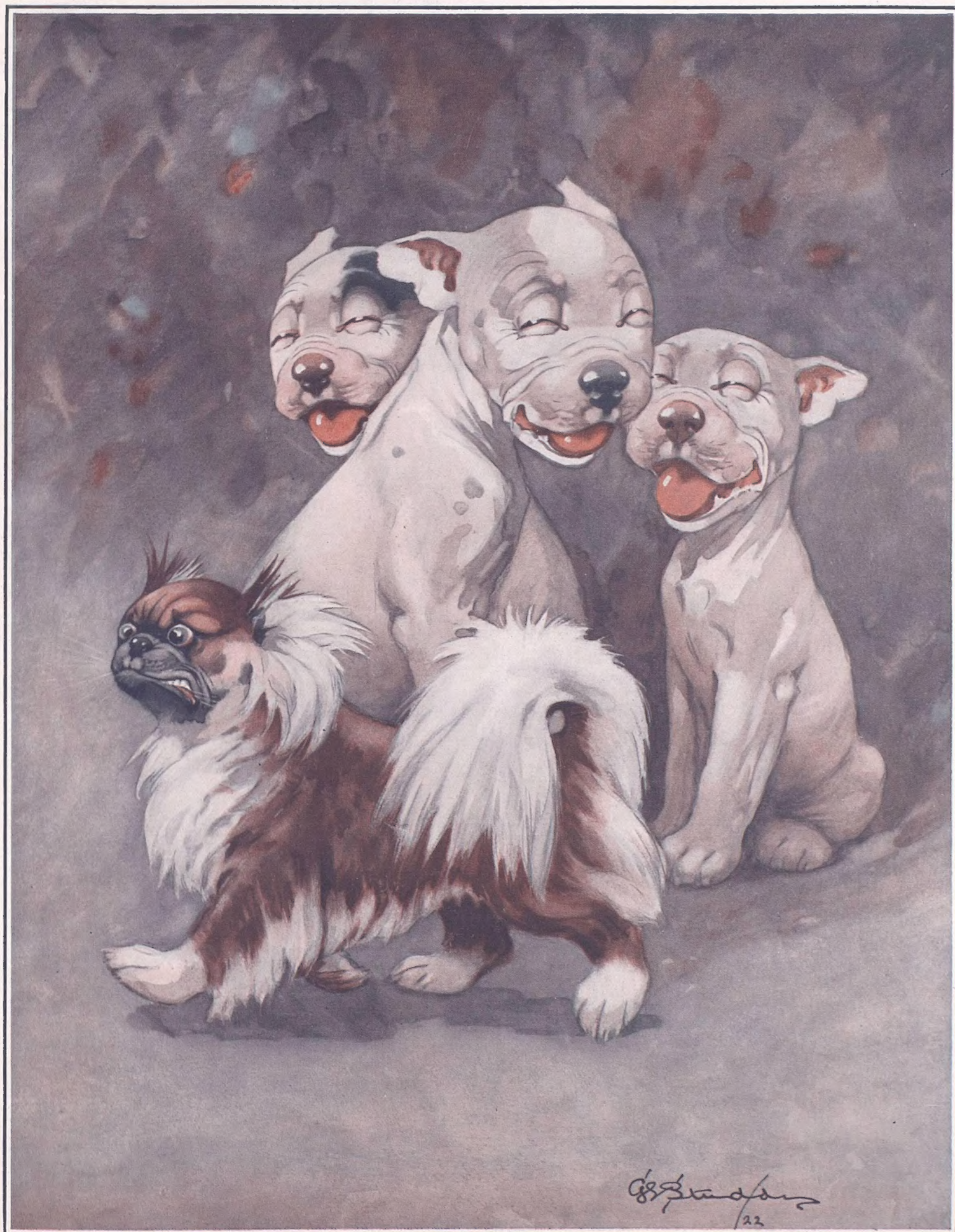
Mrs. Wilkin.

"TRIERS" ON THE COURT: A QUINTET WHO PLAY THE MODERN WOMAN'S GAME.

The modern woman's game on the lawn-tennis court is a good all-round one, equal in style and variety of shots to that played by the best men. Our page shows five young players who competed at Roehampton, and at the North London Tournament, at Highbury. Miss J. Hextall places her ball exceptionally well. Miss E. M. Head is a promising young player who had a great tussle against Mrs. Craddock and won 13 games to her

opponent's 17, in the North London Tournament—a very creditable performance. Miss Colyer is the "flying" girl who jumps even higher than Lenglen! She plays a good game, and defeated Mrs. Wilkin, the conqueror of Miss Ingram (another rising young player), by forcible lawn-tennis, which ignored Mrs. Wilkin's steadiness. Miss Ingram's defeat was a surprise.—[Photographs by Alfieri, L.N.A., C.N., and Sport and General.]

This Week's Studdy.



THE PEKINGESE IS TOLD ONE!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



Quand la Bergère vient des champs

Quand la Bergère vient des champs,
Toujours dansant, toujours chantant,
Toujours riant, toujours filant,
Toujours bergère,
Toujours légère,
Toujours bon tems.

Tout ce qu'amour a de rigueur,
Et de lueur est dans mon cœur !
Mais qui vous voit et vous entend
Belle Sylvie,
Toute sa vie
En souffre autant.



OLD FRENCH CHANSONS WITH

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH"

The French song is published by permission of MM. Durand et Cie



Betty on the Links

When Betty's on or off the links,
She is the pinkiest of pinks,
Her form's as ripping as her smile,
She drives a quarter of a mile;
And oh, she has the daintiest twist
Of foot, of ankle, and of wrist.
The weather, be it dull or fair,
Is always fine when Betty's there.

To see her drive and loft and putt,
'Senough to put you off your nut;
But let young Betty sing or dance,
She leaves her other gifts no chance.
My heart she thrills with all and each,
For she's top-hole, a perfect peach;
And if to you she laugh or wink,
She'll give your heart the same old kink.



SUPER-MODERN RENDERINGS.—No. XI.

SKETCH" BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

4, Place de la Madeleine, Paris, and is from "Echos du Temps Passé."

"I'm a Goin'—I'm a Goin'"—I've Gone!



RAGGING "THAT COAL-BLACK MAMMY": MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN DANCING AT THE PALACE.

The Co-Optimists' "rag" of the popular song "That Coal-Black Mammy of Mine," with which Mr. Laddie Cliff made such a great hit, is one of the most amusing numbers in their latest programme at the Palace. It is entitled "Too Much Coal-Black Mammy," and concludes with a

grand ballet divertissement, headed by Phyllis Monkman and "very full" corps-de-ballet. Our page shows the very last appearance with the Co-Optimists of the famous Coal-Black Mammy, with her head on a charger, supported by Miss Phyllis Monkman.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

Troubled Waters — and Oil.



THE PRIEST: What's wrong with you, Pat?

PAT: Sure, yer Annah, 'tis a hard thing for a man to be turned out av the house his father built and his grandfather was born in!

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.



WIFE (to hubby, emerging from under car): Well, I've oiled the little cylinder.

HUBBY: Little cylinder be hanged! That was my ear you were pouring it into!

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

Ray's "Unorthodoxy"? By R. Endersby Howard.



Ray's Instructive Style.

In these early days of the golf season, the outstanding individual—the one man who has impressed the assiduous onlooker as being unmistakably in form—is that tall, powerful Channel Islander of the rolling, lumbering gait, Edward Ray. Take him in the mood of the player who has stolen a day from work in order to enjoy himself in the competitions of the Hertfordshire Alliance, or in the spirit of stern endeavour which vitalises the qualifying rounds of the £1000 Tournament, and he leaves the same impression—a golfer who is sure of himself and master of his fellows. What can the ordinary habitué of the links learn from his methods? I am sure he can learn a great deal.

Perils of Swaying.

At first blush this may seem a wholly wrong statement to make. Ray is regarded as a glaring example of success that has attended unorthodoxy. There is nobody with a reputation such as he possesses for defying the golfing principles of the ancients, the moderns, the middle ages, and all the other peoples and periods that have tried to make a little white ball submit to human aspirations. In point of fact, however, Ray is not nearly so heterodox as he is painted. Indeed, in some details of his methods he is a perfect model for the golfer who

wants to improve. We are told that he sways the body in taking the club back—and what could be more dreadful than throwing the physical balance out of gear by swaying at the start of the swing? Everybody knows that it is the cardinal sin on the links, and the main reason that, of the half-million players in the country, the majority are living the lives of oppressed strugglers. We are constantly being told how Ray jumps clean off his feet in the frenzy of his hitting, and slews himself round so completely as to finish with his toes pointing down the line of play.

"Slow Back!" In fact, there is no end to the things that he is supposed to do wrongly—and seemingly no end to the shots that he certainly plays rightly. The truth is, I think, that much of this alleged lack of orthodoxy on his part is a myth or

an optical delusion. Let us analyse his swing. Among first-class professionals, Ray is, I should say, the finest living example to the average golfer of the pace at which the club should be taken back. Nobody can describe and print precisely what is meant by that ancient axiom, "Slow back." Its value to the player who is never certain of hitting his shots well is admitted on every side. When he races the club back he loses all control over it; he has no definite idea when he is at the top of the swing or when he is starting to come down; it is a breathless business with disastrous results.

Groping for the Right Way. "Don't hurry the up swing; take it easily," is the burden of the advice in a hundred-and-one text-books and a hundred thousand mouths. The eighteen-

A Perfect Model.

To appreciate just the speed at which the moderate golfer may be recommended to take the club back to his best advantage, I can think of nobody better to watch than Edward Ray. To be sure, Ray is a champion, and it is an incontestable fact that, the more confident and accomplished a player becomes, the greater the liberties he can take with the "Slow back" aphorism. Control of the club is second nature to him, and speeding of the up-swing follows as a matter of course. But in this matter Ray remains splendidly orthodox and human—a pattern for the handicap man who wants to know just how fast and how slow he should swing back in order to be in command of the situation at the top and during the downward track of the club. It is safe to say that nobody else in the first-class ranks takes the club back at

his pace. Everybody else is quicker—the privilege of success.

The Happy Bad Lad.

Ray rather revels in the stories of his alleged unorthodoxy. He is like a boy who has brought off a daring coup with a big touch of devilry and even lawlessness in it. All the other boys regard him in wonder. "So long as I win, what does it matter whether I play the shots in what you call the correct way or in my own way?" asks Ray. "Somebody has got to be out of the ordinary." But I refuse to accept Ray as a very pronounced transgressor of proven principles, and I know that Harry Vardon—who has seen more of

him than anybody else—adopts the same view.

Curing a Sway. Take, for instance, the much-discussed sway in the up-swing. What I would say of Ray is that he has shown the hundreds of thousands of submerged golfers how to overcome the effects of a sway. He used to be guilty of it in a very pronounced degree. When first I saw him in 1899, and for years afterwards, he was like a pine-tree in a gale. But he readjusted his methods, and in this way. He learnt to keep his head still; he retained a tinge of the sway in the sense that he pushed his right hip out in a very slight degree in taking the club up; and as he was reaching the top of the swing he pushed his left hip just as gently and easily towards the hole to restore the balance—the swayer finding a solution to his trouble. And that, it seems to me, is how he plays now.



THE ENGLISH LADIES' COUNTY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE KENT AND SURREY TEAMS.

The Surrey Ladies beat the Kent team at Worplesdon in the Ladies' County Golf Championship, by six matches to one. Our photograph shows the two teams. The Surrey Ladies are: Miss Joyce Wethered (extreme left, front row), Miss M. Griffiths (extreme right, back row), Miss Gladys Bastin, Miss E. E. Helme (front row, fifth from left), Miss Gourlay, Miss Phyllis Read, and Mrs. Patey; and the Kent team consists of Miss Wickenden, Miss Crombie, Mrs. Cautley, Mrs. Morrice, Mrs. Hurst, Mrs. Foster, and Miss Bishop.

Photograph by S. and G.

handicap man who takes out a newly won convert to give him his introduction to golf never fails to impress upon him the importance of this principle. But it is rather like telling a chauffeur whom you had instructed to drive to a certain place, "Don't get there too soon." Naturally, he would want to know what time you wished to be there, so that he might regulate his pace. There is no language that can explain to the golfer what the pace of the back swing should be. Many players, hypnotised by the dinning into their minds of the "Slow back" maxim, raise the club in a funeral manner which is obviously worse than the quick way. It is plain to see that they have no power over the club, and that all the while their muscles are attaining such a measure of fixity as to produce nothing better than a stiff forearm jab at the ball.

A Spanish Conqueror of England—and English.



MISS ESPERANTO—IN AN ENGLISH SONG: TRINI, OF "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE."

Trini, the lovely Spaniard who conquered the hearts of the audience by her beauty when she first appeared in "The Fun of the Fayre," at the London Pavilion, has now conquered the difficulties of our language, for she is appearing in an English-speaking rôle, and sings "The Language

of Love," with Mr. Walter Williams. • This attractive new number represents the difficulties of a foreign girl learning English; but since her name is Esperanto, and the language of love is the same in every country, she gets on quite well.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.



The Clubman.

By Beveren.

The Man Who Escaped.

Sometimes, on altogether unexpected occasions, one is switched back to the war, to some vivid incident of it that rings fresh and unparalleled. Sometimes an experience narrated is so poignantly dramatic it thrills you more than anything told you during the actual years of war.

A night or two ago I sat at a dinner-table round which were gathered half-a-dozen men—politicians, sportsmen, busy professional men, some of them with known names. All at once the name of a soldier man from over the seas cropped up—a man gallant and reckless in the air and on land; a wild, great-hearted fellow who was born for fighting, but was irked by discipline. Stories of him began to go round.

"Do you remember that night," laughed one member of the dinner-party, "when he ran short of petrol somewhere near the coast, roused an angry man at four in the morning, and compelled him, by sheer force of character, to come out to attend to him?"

"Yes," added someone else, "and forced the cursing man to take him to the petrol-store by pressing the nozzle of a revolver in the small of his back. And that was in orderly, well-conducted England, mark you."

"And there is something else that perhaps you don't know," put in a lame, clear-eyed man, who became a colonel before returning to civil life. "You remember that — proved a bit of a handful after he strayed into neutral territory and was interned; and

official note was accompanied by one which was non-official. *The second communication hinted that it would distress no one if — were not sent back.* He had been altogether too obstreperous."

An Agonising Wait.

It was later in the evening that we listened breathlessly to a tale told by a handsome, grey-haired doctor who had served with the emergency force of London doctors who turned out when there were air raids.

He mentioned how one night he was at the National Sporting Club to see Pat O'Keefe beat Bandsman Blake in the second round. The Boche machines came over before the crowd had dispersed from the Club. It was the night a bomb wrought such awful havoc in Long Acre, killing many people who had sought shelter.

"I shall never forget," he said, "when the Fire Brigade were outside pumping water to put out the flames; and down below was a poor fellow pinned by a printing-press which had been brought crashing into the basement. I was there with another surgeon. The water in the basement was rising. We did not know then that it was the water the Fire Brigade were pumping in. We thought a main had burst and that nothing would stop the flood rising, and that the poor fellow pinned by his legs would be drowned like a rat in a cage."

"I recall how the surgeon with me had his instruments all ready; he was going to amputate the man's legs to save him from drowning; he would have had to amputate under water."

"And in all the agonising suspense—before we found that it was the Fire Brigade that was flooding the basement—the one quaint thing that stuck in my mind was that the rising waters were black, not with mud and dirt, but with printer's ink."

Up for the Cup.

In the years before the war, when the Cup Final was played at the Crystal Palace, it was impossible for Londoners not to know Cup Day. The men from the North, caps and favours and all, came up in greater numbers and took full possession of London, of City, West End, and the southern suburbs. Perhaps—so it seemed to me this year—perhaps Londoner and provincial look more alike and dress more alike than they used to do: another result of the war, of the standardised effect in clothes, of the triumph of the soft felt hat. As a lover of tradition I was glad, however, to note several separate parties of young men all in new caps of the same shape and pattern, obviously bought in celebration of the visit to town.

This year's Cup Final belonged lock, stock, and barrel to the North. And the teams came to London to fight their battle. Well, in future years, if, say, the Arsenal and Tottenham Hotspur win their way to the Final, it would do no harm to make them fight out the issue at Bradford or Birmingham, and take their supporters with them. I'm sure it would

do many Londoners a lot of good to pay a visit to Bradford.

And if you want to have it made clear to you that folk up North are not necessarily interested in things and people we Londoners talk about, and perhaps assume to be of

importance, take one of them to a theatre where the show is essentially a London one. I did the other night. My companion was a professional man of some culture, who doesn't often come to town. The chief players in the revue we went to see are highly popular people. They are always pointed out when they go to the restaurants



CARPENTIER'S OPPONENT OF TO-MORROW CAN'T LIFT HER! KID LEWIS AND RESISTA.

Kid Lewis, the famous boxer who meets Carpentier to-morrow, Thursday, May 11, at Olympia, recently tried to lift Resista, the 7-stone girl who cannot be lifted against her will. Our photograph, which shows him trying to get her off the ground, was taken at a party recently given by Kid Lewis at his training quarters.—[Photograph by Tom Arken]

and dance clubs. My friend knows of Robey, Lauder; F. R. Benson, Oscar Asche, and other leading members of the legitimate stage. But these players were "unknown" to him. He was not particularly interested to learn that the elegantly dressed young man who danced ball-room dances and talked his songs earned much more than a certain actor known to be perfect in Shakespearean comedy, or that the gilded youths of London tumbled over each other in their eagerness to take the leading lady out to supper. He judged them exactly by what they did on the stage—and did not think a great deal of them.

However, coming back to the Final, the Londoner can retort upon the Northerner in one respect: the poor quality of the football. I heard two supporters discussing who played best in the match at Stamford Bridge. A third party ended the argument by saying, flatly: "The band played better than anyone."

Lord Long's Limp.

I was taken into the House of Commons during one afternoon of the Budget Debate, and over the clock in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery I caught sight of a ruddy face that I seemed to know.

It was Lord Long—it is still difficult not to say Walter Long—back from his recent illness to a scene once so familiar to him. He does not look thoroughly strong yet, walks with a stick, and limps a bit. I am told, though, that he is as keen on politics as ever, and quite as good a Conservative.



ALL DONE BY "WILL-POWER": 7-STONE RESISTA WEIGHS DOWN THREE STOUT FELLOWS ON THE END OF A ROPE RUN OVER A PULLEY.

Resista, the 7-stone girl who defies all attempts to lift her, can work her will on other people. Our photograph shows her weighing down three young men on the end of a rope run over a pulley.

Photograph by Alfieri.

that eventually he cleared off and got back to England, arguing that he altered a leave permit so that he did not break his parole. Well, I may tell you that when the neutral country formally reported his escape here, and demanded his return to captivity, the

The Power of the Eye: Carpentier and Kid Lewis.



"NATURAL CONFIDENCE, MORE IMPLACABILITY": THE EYES OF KID LEWIS.



"GREATER ABSORPTION, MORE OF THE SUB-CONSCIOUS SELF": THE EYES OF CARPENTIER.

With reference to the fight between Georges Carpentier and Ted (Kid) Lewis, for the Light-Heavyweight Championship of the World, our boxing expert notes: "In both men the eyes, when they are in the ring, are the compelling feature. Both have blue-grey eyes. Both smile readily, and are happy-natured when not fighting. The eyes of both are steel-like in the intensity of their gaze as they follow an opponent round the ring. There is, perhaps, greater absorption, more of the sub-conscious self in the Carpentier look. In the eyes of Kid Lewis

one sees more natural confidence, more implacability. One judge who is not uninclined to back his fancy is Mr. James White, the owner of Granelly, the man who first brought Carpentier to England. 'When Carpentier sees those eyes of Lewis in the ring,' says Mr. White, 'and that face—that ghost-like face—he will understand that he is up against a man who can be as concentrated on a fight as he is himself. And Lewis knows everything there is to know about ring fighting.'"

The Lights of Paris.



Half-Hours. On a flying visit to London I endeavoured, according to my custom, to see six shows in one night. That is the best way of seeing shows—provided your guide is an expert. You should witness the most characteristic half-hour of each spectacle, around which all the rest is, more or less, padding. It is hard to be bored in these circumstances, but I assure you that half-an-hour is generally long enough. Thus I had half-an-hour of Harry Lauder, half-an-hour of Delysia, half-an-hour of "Decameron Nights," half-an-hour of the Co-Optimists, half-an-hour of Seymour Hicks, and so forth.

London Shows— My general impression was that the mounting was better than in Paris. For example, I found some charming scenic effects in "Mayfair and Montmartre," and gorgeous cloaks worn only for two seconds. Even in the less artistic but really comic "Round in Fifty" I was struck with the neat way in which the chorus worked. Or take "The Lady of the Rose"—in which Harry Welchman and Huntley Wright are at their best: everything is produced as well as these things can be produced. The French restaurant in "The Man in Dress Clothes" is a good and faithful picture.

And Those of Paris. But when I got back and saw the new production at the Casino de Paris, I decided that they can present things well over here. On second thoughts, there is not a lot of difference between the Paris and London managers—though I am still inclined to give the palm for all-round care to the London managers. There is often a charming *chic* here, but there is more stage finish there. Here there is much individual talent, but there the team work is better. Still, I withdraw my hasty judgment, which went completely against Paris. The Casino revue, with Pearl White in it, is truly excellent of its kind.

Air Exploits. Pearl White pretends modestly that she cannot do much on the orthodox stage and presents her excuses; but, in fact, she does exceedingly well. It is a pity that she cannot stay with us longer. She is full of vivacity. Her daring exploits are suggested in the most ingenious manner. She actually flies an aeroplane round the auditorium. This is a trick, of course; but a little accident when the counterbalancing weight which brings up the plane fell indicates that to get the feat right Miss White had to take certain risks. It was inevitable that she should call upon Jack Dempsey, her countryman, who was occupying a box, to step on the stage; and the good-natured champion smilingly obliged.

Mitty and Tillio. Mitty and Tillio have had a success such as is rarely known in Paris. They are indeed remarkable dancers, and the curious

thing is that until a year ago they were almost unknown. They struck up their partnership practically by accident, and when they were given an opportunity in the revue of the Folies-Bergère nobody expected the triumph which they achieved. Immediately they sprang into fame. Rarely has there been seen such lightness, such grace, as Mitty displays; while the deft strength of Tillio is something to marvel at. Since the Folies-Bergère days they have signed contracts with English and American impresarios, and now rank as music-hall stars of the first magnitude. But they have a special love for Paris, where they suddenly rose from obscurity—and, indeed, poverty—to their present position. At the Casino they dance in



DANCING AT THE EMBASSY: MISS MARJORIE MOSS (IN A LONG-SKIRTED LACE DRESS) AND MR. GEORGE FONTANA.

Miss Marjorie Moss and Mr. George Fontana, the well-known exhibition ball-room dancers, are now appearing at the Embassy Club, where they commenced their three months' season in April. During the winter they were at Cannes, where they had a big success, and are regarded as among the best pairs of exhibition dancers. Miss Marjorie Moss once understudied Miss Phyllis Bedells at the Empire, and the early training for stage dancing which she went through is doubtless partly responsible for the admirable technique and finished grace which she displays to-day. Her long-skirted lace dress with its full sleeves is a charming example of modern fashion.—[Photograph by Reutlinger.]

the magnificent scene of the Temple d'Angkor—a spectacle of Oriental splendour; and in the Bateau de Fleurs—full of colour and quaintness; and in the Cage aux Fauves, in which Mitty is a *tigresse* and Tillio her *dompteur*.

Big Yellow Chapeaux. As usual, there is a great display of beautiful dresses. Mannequins parade showing the latest fashions. The general impression that one gets is undoubtedly that skirts are long and hats are large. The hats

are presented for the delectation of the ladies in a somewhat original manner. Only heads—and the hats—are visible against a curtain of black velvet. They are big yellow *chapeaux*, and the effect produced by the *soubrettes* is striking. Many of the *maisons de la mode* have specially designed models which are worn by the Casino girls.

Mlle. Germaine Buchet. What becomes of the one-day Paris queens? Some of them return to their typewriters. Others are married. And others, again, take to the stage. Mlle. Germaine Buchet, who was the *Reine des Reines* in the *Mi-Carême* fêtes this year, is deserting the office for the theatre. A Paris Queen has a brief reign, but a Paris actress may have a long reign. Therefore, Mlle. Germaine Buchet, not willing to sink back into the oblivion of a *bureau*, is making her appearance in the Théâtre de Verdure in the *Pré-Catelan* (Bois de Boulogne), in a play by M. Nozière. So far I have heard few details. I believe that even the part to be played by Mlle. Buchet is not yet fixed. But the most important point is settled—namely, the sort of robe that she shall wear. She is to appear in a Greek costume. All the rest revolves around this central fact.

Alhambra Matinée. Mr. Charles Gulliver the other day lent the Alhambra for a matinée on behalf of the British Legion. There was a distinguished company present, including Sir Milne Cheetham and Lady Cheetham, Marshal Foch, Lord and Lady Granard, Major-General Sir Charles Sackville-West, Captain Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Dowager Lady Michelham, Admiral Sir Heaton Ellis, and Lady Ellis. It was an interesting performance, bringing together such entertainers as Sacha Guitry, Signoret, Mlle. Zambelli, and Yvonne Printemps.

Thin Wedding Rings. I did not know that there was a fashion in wedding rings, but apparently there is. I suppose that one should really be able to tell in what year a lady was married, by the thickness of her wedding ring. This year we are informed that the *alliance*—which is the French name for wedding ring—is thinner than ever. It is likely to be thinner still next year. Is this symbolic? Is this a sign of the times? Certainly the divorce courts have more work to do than in other days. Perhaps there is, then, some significance in the new mode which would have the golden band—when it is not a band of inconspicuous platinum—narrower than it used to be. This may possibly signify the modern attitude towards marriage!

"She Holds Her Virtue Still, and I My Mind."



THE "DECAMERON NIGHTS" BED-ROOM SCENE: RICCIARDO SEES LADY TEODORA'S MOLE.

The noble Ricciardo Liberati is the villain of "Decameron Nights," the spectacle-drama of Drury Lane. He wagers the noble Torello d'Istria, leader of the Crusaders, that there is no virtuous woman in Venice, that his wife, the Lady Teodora, is no more virtuous than the rest of her sex, and that he will prove her faithlessness during Torello's absence. He brings a huge chest to Venice, which he presents to the lady as a

gift from her husband. In this chest Ricciardo conceals himself, and creeps out at night to steal from Teodora the amulet her husband gave her, and to kiss a secret mole on her body. Lady Teodora does not wake, and Ricciardo thus obtains sufficient proof to accuse her of infidelity to her husband, and to secure a verdict of guilty. Our photograph shows the villainous Ricciardo in the lady's room.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

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THE HANGING GARDENS OF DAMASCUS, AT DRURY LANE.





THE SOLDAN SEEKS TO DESTROY HIS SON'S LOVE FOR PERDITA: SALADIN AMONG THE SIRENS.

One of the most wonderful scenes in "Decameron Nights," the great spectacle-drama at Drury Lane, is provided by the Marc Henri *décor* of the Royal Hanging Gardens at Damascus. It is in exquisitely lovely surroundings that Saladin's love for Perdita is tested, and found steadfast. His father, the Soldan of Egypt, angry that Saladin loves

a strange girl, and has forgotten Princess Alatiel, the affianced bride he set out to meet, calls out the loveliest girls of Damascus as a distraction; but Saladin (who is seen in the right centre of the picture), remains obdurate. Nothing can win him from his allegiance to Perdita.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

Boccaccio Yields a Drury Lane Drama.



FALSELY ACCUSED AND CONDEMNED: LADY TEODORA (MISS GLADYS ANCRUM) STRIPPED ON THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO.



THE CRUSADERS AND SALADIN MEET AS FRIENDS: THE OPENING SCENE, IN THE MONASTERY AT NEDA.

One of the most sensational scenes in "Decameron Nights" is provided by the carrying-out of the sentence on Lady Teodora, who has been falsely accused of infidelity, found guilty, and condemned to stand naked on the Piazza di San Marco. The decree is carried out, but an eclipse of the sun occurs at the critical moment, and so saves the innocent lady. Our lower

photograph illustrates the opening scene of the drama, where the Crusaders are awaiting the declaration of war against the Mohammedans. Saladin, Prince of Damascus, arrives in disguise, and is welcomed as a comrade; and the discovery of Perdita, and the wager of Torello and Ricciardo sets the ball rolling for the plot.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

After Colour – in Marble and Porcelain.



1. FOR THE SOUTH
KENSINGTON MUSEUM:
LADY DIANA COOPER
AS DIANA
IN PARNELL PORCELAIN.

2. AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY:
THE MARBLE MASK
OF LADY DIANA COOPER,
BY W. REID DICK, A.R.A.



Our page shows two sculptured portraits of Lady Diana Cooper, Society beauty and star of films in colour, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Rutland and wife of Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper. The statuette representing her as Diana is an example of the porcelain portraiture of Miss

Gwendolen Parnell, and was seen at her recent exhibition in Chelsea. It has been purchased for presentation to the South Kensington Museum. The marble mask by Mr. W. Reid Dick, A.R.A., is in this year's Academy, and is considered a very fine piece of sculpture.

Photograph No. 1 specially taken for "The Sketch." The copyright strictly reserved by the artist. The copyright of the mask shown in Photograph No. 2 is strictly reserved for the artist by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of "The Royal Academy Illustrated."



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Mr. Bennett Among the Flesh-Pots.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has apparently tumbled to one of the secrets of the popularity of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim. Students of Mr. Oppenheim are very familiar with that exquisite, that palatial, that prohibitively expensive and therefore very modish hotel which the author affectionately calls the "Milan." When I read a book by Mr. Oppenheim I am never happy until I get to the "Milan." I know we shall all be off there before long, and then we shall walk on carpets so soft that we sink in up to the knees, and the superb lift will ascend smoothly and noiselessly, and cocktails will flow as lavishly as Government ale in the mere country inns which I sometimes write about myself.

There is — there must be — an enormous public who love to read about anything "expensive." For twopence they can be as prodigal — by proxy — as a millionaire or a worldly-wise novelist. And Mr. Bennett seems, as I say, to have tumbled to this. In his latest very clever novel, "Mr. Prohack," there is no mention, I promise you, of the Five Towns. Nothing sordid. Nobody rides in a tram. The streets are paved with gold instead of with cobble. No wan-faced young woman gazes through a sickeningly familiar window at a wall smothered with screamingly vulgar advertisements, and wonders about Life.

All that has gone. We know, presumably, all there is to be known about the Five Towns. The Children of Misery have served their purpose: let them keep their black chimneys, and slag-heaps, and backbiting neighbours, and ugly furniture, and rude old men.

To Stagger the Five Towns.

But if Londoners have had enough of the Five Towns, does it follow that the Five Towns know anything of London? Oh, yes: of the streets, and the railway-stations, and the cheap restaurants, and the cheap shops, and the football grounds, and the Tubes, and even the "unspeakable" suburbs. But is all that London? Is that the real London? Good heavens, no! The doors of the real, splendid, expensive, luxurious, Babylonish London may be opened with two keys only — the first a key of gold, and the second a subscription to the lending library.

Whatever you may think of Mr. Arnold Bennett and his works, you must admit that he takes an intense, an almost boyish, interest in every experience that comes his way. Few novelists would have dreamed of sitting down to make a book of 313 pages out of the things you can buy in London if you happen to have enough money. And why wouldn't they have dreamed of it? Because most of

them have fled in horror, years and years ago, from steam-heated hotels, and basemented houses, and exotic clothes, and imitation jewels, and Pullman motor-cars, and all the rest of the things for which the Five Towns, we must presume, so ardently strive.

Luckily for the Five Towns, Mr. Bennett is not in the least repelled by the things post-war money can buy. You feel that he is just as interested in them as Mr. Prohack. Mr. Prohack, of course, is a kind of Bennettish Pickwick. Dickens wanted to write a funny book about sport in the country, so he invented a dear, fat old gentleman in spectacles and sent him on his wanderings. Mr. Bennett wanted to write about the grandeur of post-war London, so he invented a Treasury official on a limited income and endowed

pleasure by perching your stout body on the arm of my chair, as you are doing."

And again, still at the same breakfast — "Don't tell me what I know. And try not to be surprised at any earthly phenomena. There are people who are always being astonished by the most familiar things. They live on earth as though they'd just dropped from Mars on to a poor foreign planet. It's not a sign of common-sense. You've lived on earth now for — shall we say? — some twenty-nine or thirty years, and if you don't know the place you ought to. I assure you that there is nothing at all unusual in our case. We are perfectly innocent; we are even praiseworthy; and yet — we shall have to suffer. It's quite a common case. You've read of thousands and millions of such cases; you've heard of lots personally; and you've actually met a few. Well, now, you yourself are a case. That's all."

But that was not all, believe me. He was off again in a moment.



TO LECTURE ON "LES Gobelins" AT THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS DU ROYAUME UNI ON MAY 11: M. PIERRE MARCEL, PROFESSEUR À L'ÉCOLE DES BEAUX ARTS.

M. Pierre Marcel's lecture on May 11, at 9 p.m., at the Institut Français du Royaume Uni, 1-7, Cromwell Gardens, S.W.7, will be extremely interesting. Londoners who saw the priceless Gobelin tapestries at the South Kensington Museum last year will welcome this opportunity of hearing their history from an expert on the subject. M. Pierre Marcel is a distinguished professor and the author of many well-known books on artistic history. He directed the French Government Photographic Department during the war, and is head of the recently founded "Presses Universitaires de France."

him with sudden and unexpected wealth.

Mr. Prohack at Breakfast.

We meet Mr. Prohack, for the first time, at breakfast. That is a bad time to meet anybody, and particularly Mr. Prohack, because he is one of those people who talk like this over a cup of tea and a boiled egg at eight-thirty in the morning —

"Eve, you are a confounded liar, and you know it. You have never caused me a moment's unhappiness. You may annoy me. You may exasperate me. You are frequently unspeakable. But you have never made me unhappy. And why? Because I am one of the few exponents of romantic passion left in this city. My passion for you transcends my reason. I am a fool, but I am a magnificent fool. And the greatest miracle of modern times is that after twenty-four years of marriage you should be able to give me



AUTHOR OF "THE TAVERN AND THE ARROWS": MRS. PATRICK MILTON (ANTHONY CARLYLE). Mrs. Patrick Milton is the clever novelist who writes under the name of Anthony Carlyle. Her latest novel, "The Tavern and the Arrows," was published last month by Mills and Boon, and she has also written "The Gates of Hope," "Grains of Dust," and "The Hoofslide." — [Photograph by Swaine.]

there, to Putney. No bidding farewell to mother. The modern young person is supposed to be above all that sort of thing. I wonder if they are? I wonder whether, in our passionate desire to keep abreast of the times, we haven't invented a modern young person of our own?

In plain language, Mr. Bennett's Charlie and Sissie don't convince me. They move with much energy, but I can't hear them breathe. I can't watch the play of their features. They may be Martians, but they certainly don't belong to this planet. Especially Charlie.

However, if this is a fairy-story, why demand

(Continued overleaf.)

The Fairy Tale Begins.

Within a few hours of this conversation with his fat wife — Mr. Bennett never lets us forget that the poor lady was fat — Mr. Prohack comes into a fortune. Not a large fortune, of course — just a mere hundred thousand pounds. He had lent some desperate rascal a hundred pounds, and the rascal had made a fortune in America, and repaid Mr. Prohack a thousand per cent.

Now we really are off. Mrs. Prohack is told the good news and then sent to bed, like a little girl, lest her expression should give away the secret to the Prohack children, Charlie and Sissie. Charlie wants three hundred pounds for a business speculation. Mr. Prohack forks it out, and off goes Charlie to Glasgow that very minute. No bidding farewell to the mother in bed upstairs. No sentiment, even in a fairy-story. Away goes Charlie in a taxi-cab.

Sissie comes into dinner. Sissie wants fifty pounds to start a school of modern ball-room dancing. Mr. Prohack gives her the fifty. Off goes Sissie, then and

Our Ministers of the Interior.



ROUND THE LONDON RESTAURANTS: SOME FAMOUS MANAGERS.

Our caricaturist has been doing the round of the London restaurants, and has set down his impressions of some famous restaurant managers. Most of us have at one time or another dined and lunched at the Berkeley, the Ritz, the Trocadero, the Embassy, the Carlton, the

Ivy, and the Ambassadors' Restaurant of the Hotel Metropole, and will recognise the presiding genius of each place as caricatured by Mr. Crowther Smith. Naturally, the Restaurant Manager is all-important, as everything hinges upon his knowledge.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

Continued.

real people? Mr. Prohack is not real. He is not even a real person doing unreal things. He is an unreal person doing amusing things, if you like. Oh yes, he is a wag all right. He locks his wife into a room and goes for a walk. If that isn't a "cardish" thing to do I'll trouble you to invent one. When he returns, the poor, fat thing has not even rung the



THE FOUNDER OF GRAND GUIGNOL IN LONDON MARRIED: MR. JOSÉ LEVY AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MRS. TEESDALE. The marriage of Mr. José Levy and Mrs. Teesdale, the widow of an R.A.F. officer, took place the other day. Mr. Levy is the founder of London's Grand Guignol, at the Little Theatre. His bride nursed him through a recent serious illness.—[Photograph by Tom Aitken.]

bell for the servants. And yet her nickname was "Eve."

The Prohack Progress.

By a lucky speculation, Mr. Prohack more than doubles his money. He now has two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Rapid heart-beats in the Five Towns! Irregular pulses at Hanley! "Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Eh, lad, soom soom!"

And so to the business of spending all this money, and that at a time when most people are having to stint, more or less. It's the old game we used to play as children—"What would you do if you had a thousand pounds?" You remember the fascination of it? Mr. and Mrs. Prohack, with considerable help from Charlie Prohack, play at it very cardishly.

Mr. Prohack is, however, but a poor spender. He has a Turkish bath, but that doesn't cost much. He goes to a very expensive tailor, but the most expensive tailor in London will make you a decent lounge suit for about double the price of an ordinary tailor. Not much in that. He engages a private secretary, but you can get a very good private secretary for ten pounds a week. And he buys a car. Well, cars are expensive, but what are two thousand pounds when you have two hundred and forty-eight thousand left?

Mrs. Prohack does better. She takes an enormous house in Manchester Square, completely furnished, and gives a huge reception. Is that what cynical Mr. Bennett believes Everywoman would do if she had enough money? Because he has not called Mrs. Prohack "Eve" for nothing. I take it that she is supposed to represent Everywoman. Fortunately, she does not. Queer as it may seem, there are still a large number of ladies in this battered old country to whom neither the house in Manchester Square nor the reception of Lord and Lady Tom, and Sir Dick and Lady Dick, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry would appeal in the least.

The Church Clock.

The house in Manchester Square is close to a church, and this gives Mr. Bennett an opportunity to support our never-ceasing efforts to get the clocks of churches and

public buildings stopped from striking during the hours when the tired populace are trying to sleep. I shall always be grateful to him for that—among other things.

"If I am asleep, every hour wakes me up, and most of the quarters. The clock strikes not only the hours and the quarters, but me. I regulate my life by that clock. If I am beginning to repose at ten minutes to the hour, I say to myself that I must wait till the hour before really beginning, and I do wait. It is killing me, and nobody can see that it is killing me. . . . Several thousands of people must live within sound of the St. Nicodemus clock; yet the rector has not been murdered nor the church razed to the ground. . . . And there are hundreds of such infernal clocks in London, and they all survive. . . . There must be quite a few others in the same fix as me in London, dying because rectors and other clergymen and officials insist on telling them the time all through the night."

Not only in London, my good friend. I have lately experienced it in Bristol, in Salisbury, and in Hove. In all these places I have had sleepless nights because of church clocks, and nobody

seemed to care.

Possibly they will listen to Mr. Prohack. I hope so. Anyway, I am sure you will all revel in this brilliant tale of extravagant post-war London.

Crime and Golf. The combination of crime and golf is, I think, unusual. I have never read of any notorious criminal that he was a keen golfer, and I have not yet seen a crime committed on the links. A crime, that is to say, in the legal sense. Socially regarded, I have often seen golfers do things for which five or ten years would be a light punishment.

Mr. Robert Orr Chipperfield has written a novel in which he blends, with no little skill, the atmospheres of golf and crime. The scene is laid at one of those delightful Country Clubs which the Americans understand but we do not. The club secretary, of all people in the world, is shot dead, and a first-class detective comes from New York to discover the murderer.

I shall only tell you enough to excite your interest. The club secretary is not a real secretary, but a detective himself! He is engaged as secretary to find out who stole a valuable diamond necklace at the Harvest Dance.

There you have one point of interest. Here is another, far more novel. The club steward wanted to call the attention of a waiter who was passing his desk. So he picked a driver out of a bag and tapped the waiter with the head of the driver. Bang! The driver went off! That is to say, the unfortunate steward

had touched a secret spring in the "grip" of the driver, which fired a pistol concealed in the head of the club, which did *not*, as it happens, shoot the secretary who was not really a secretary but a detective. Yah! Yah!

I have only one fault to find with this story, considering it as nothing more than a story. It is a common fault, and I shall keep on pointing it out until some notice is taken. A horde of characters are flung on to the stage in the first few pages, and you are worrying all through the book to remember just which is which. (I speak for those who cannot speak themselves.)

For the rest, if you like detective stories, you will like "The Trigger of Conscience"—don't be frightened by the high-sounding title—and you will also get a notion of the inside life of an American Country Club. Not so idyllic as it sounds, perhaps, or even as it appears to the casual visitor.

"Yes," Yorke went on, "The Heritage of Cain," quietly but relentlessly. "He was one of the most fiendish murderers this country has ever known. [America again!] Thirty years ago he killed his three brothers, and the wife and baby of one of them. They all lived on lonely farms in New Hampshire. [Which was asking for it.] They were prosperous; he was not. He visited them one after the other, cut their throats as they lay asleep, buried their bodies, and disappeared with the small fortunes each had hoarded in his house, for they lived far from banks. For some time he escaped detection, but at last he was tried, convicted, and—hanged."

Good. I'm glad of it. We can't have these people going about and killing everybody who happens to have a little money in the house. The correct thing to do—ask any lawyer—is to take the money, and with it a deed of gift from the previous owner, properly witnessed and stamped.

You may or may not like "The Heritage of Cain," but you cannot help admiring Madge Ashley—

"Madge Ashley bent her stately head to avoid the lintel, and came indolently forward.



AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY SMILEY AND HER FAMILY.

The names in this photograph, reading from left to right, are: Master John Smiley, Miss Patricia Smiley, Lady Smiley, and Master David Smiley, on Mr. Hugh Smiley's shoulder. Lady Smiley is the wife of Sir John Smiley, Bt., and the youngest daughter of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny. She has been staying at North Berwick with her family, and spending a good deal of time both riding and playing golf.—[Photograph by Balmain, North Berwick.]

She was a tall, magnificently formed woman, with long, slender limbs, and a lithe, sinuous grace in every move of her supple body. She curled herself in the easy chair and yawned frankly."—So, frankly, did I.

Mr. Prohack. By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)
The Trigger of Conscience. By Robert Orr Chipperfield. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Heritage of Cain. By Isabel Ostrander. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

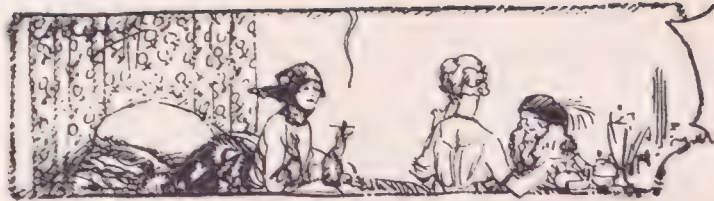
Two Marys with but a Single Film!



INGENIOUS "DOUBLING" IN "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY": MARY PICKFORD AS DEAREST AND THE LITTLE PEER.

The heights of ingenuity in "double" photographs have been reached in the film production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Miss Mary Pickford plays both Dearest, the mother, and the little peer, and is frequently seen on the stage with herself. As Dearest, Miss Pickford looks several heads taller than herself as Little Lord Fauntleroy—an effect gained by

clever camera manipulation. The films showing both characters are obtained by first taking the picture of Miss Mary Pickford as Lord Fauntleroy, with the other half of the film masked, and then repeating the picture with Miss Pickford in the rôle of Dearest. Both films have to be timed to a fraction.



Tales with a sting.

MONEY FOR SHAVING.

By J. C. HOWARD.

"OTHER people," bitterly ruminated Billy Carcaran, "apply their energies to a useful purpose. They simply rear the ladder of Ambition against the wall of Opportunity. Then they go straight up. When it's a long way between rungs, the beggars hang on by their arms."

"And the moral?" asked Fenner, his eyes anxiously upon the busy waiter at the other end of the hotel lounge.

"There isn't one," returned Carcaran. "Unless one adds that the chorus of musical comedy is a window-sill where you and I, James, have sat and dangled our legs for three years. If we ever did have the climbing habit, we've lost it."

"If I could get hold of that waiter," said Fenner, "you might become less morose."

The two irreproachably dressed young men—their combined ages might have been fifty, perhaps—had that peculiarly rose-pink skin that seems to be the result of nightly grease-paint. An infinitesimal trace of blue-black in the crow's-feet beside Fenner's left eye showed where last evening's make-up clung obstinately despite two washings. Each had the clean-cut, regular, not unhandsome features that are part of your young actor's essential stock-in-trade. Barring accidents, each of them would at nine o'clock on Saturday evening "touch" their princely salary of four pounds weekly. Until when—and this was Thursday morning—their combined fortunes were in fairly evenly distributed coppers.

Carcaran was a convert to Fenner's principle that one should always use the best hotel in the town, tipping extravagantly on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. That made it possible to borrow from the waiter on Thursday. So one reached "treasury" night, slipped in on Sunday morning and paid him. Then, less that subsidy and the cost of lodgings and rail fare, one recommenced at Worktown the waiter-ingratiating tactics of Mudford. This being, however, their second descent on Coalville, the waiter now studiously avoiding Fenner's eyes was more than aware of the nature of the request that would be made to him, as soon as he was ready to receive it. Until, suddenly making up his mind that the half-crown *douceur* that Fenner had included in his repayment of the last loan made the risk worth taking, he elected to catch that gentleman's eye. Three minutes later, Fenner possessed such change of a one-pound note as is left by the purchase of two large Scotch whiskies and a small soda.

"What about the ladder of Ambition now, Billy?" he asked Carcaran.

"Forget it, boy. I was thirsty. But really, you know—and his face clouded again—"it's about time we—"

"What's the good of talking?" declared his friend. "What you want is livening up. A good old 'rag' would do you all the good in the world."

"In Coalville?"

"Yes. There's fun anywhere if you like to look for it."

"Then," said Carcaran, "let us stroll and search for it. That is, unless you want to waste some of that money on food."

"Oh, no," declared Fenner emphatically; "we can't afford it."

They retrieved two silver-mounted canes, two expensive velours, and gloved, bespatted, reached the pavement. Here they struck the blue-chinned Henry, baggage man to the company, obviously beer-hunting, and

they slaked his thirst and their own, this time inexpensively.

Then, still intent upon fresh air, they took the main street, Henry the baggage man with attention equally divided between his companions and the swing-doors of the "thirst-parlours" that unaccountably they passed by. Down a side-street on the right, Fenner saw what he was looking for. Above a shaving-saloon a barber's pole, of the traditional sugar-stick pattern, protruded gauntly across the street at an angle from the wall, on solid supports of ironwork.

"Come down here, quick," he said. "Got your notebook, Henry? You take it, Billy. Now oblige me by standing here, both of you." He placed them one each side of the barber's pole, himself regarding it critically from the front. "Now, let your eyes travel slowly down that pole to the wall, and back again several times. Then shake your heads. You, Billy, open the notebook and write. Commence."

Obediently, they stared at the unoffending pole, shaking their heads crossly as directed, Billy scribbling officiously, Fenner himself glaring angrily within the shop. In two minutes or so, the barber appeared on his doorstep, an elderly, tired-looking, grizzled little man in shirt-sleeves and a not over-clean apron.

Silently he watched the trio. Their inspection of his pole made him uneasy. One of them was taking notes, also. His nervousness increased as he watched.

"Anything wrong, gentlemen?" he asked timidly.

"Your pole," said Fenner.

"What's wrong with it, Sir?"

"It's all wrong," said Fenner.

"Of course," corroborated Carcaran. "Is that your name on the shop?"

"Yes, Sir—W. B. Timmins'; but what's the matter with it?"

"Much too long," declared Fenner.

"And the ironwork," contributed the baggage man judiciously.

"You'll have to have it shortened," warned Fenner.

"And the ironwork made less conspicuous," said Carcaran.

"And at once," said Henry, scowling at Timmins savagely.

"But who—who are you?" asked the barber.

"Borough Surveyor," said Fenner darkly. "Get that pole altered at once. It will save you trouble."

Carcaran slapped the elastic of his notebook with finality. And the three turned majestically, walked slowly to the corner, and, once round it, fled, doubled in laughter, into the private bar of The George.

Emphatically the man who derived most enjoyment from their prank was the mercurial Carcaran, to whom the troubled worry caught in the eyes of W. B. Timmins was a source of smiles all day.

At one-thirty or so the following afternoon, the three peered cautiously round the corner by Timmins' shop. The pole had gone. There was a ladder against the wall; the ironwork that had supported the pole lay in a tumbled heap below the shop window. Carcaran's yelp of delighted laughter demonstrated the efficacy of Fenner's treatment for despondency. And they told the story over and over again to each other, between drinks; regaled the dressing-room with it that evening; the girls heard it in the wings and choked over it. The spirit of gaiety tinkled in light

laughter through draughty passages; life became one long joke. That night everything fitted in, the tuneful little lyrics "got" the house, a delighted roar followed the lift of the lovers' duet, the show went with a clockwork swing.

Next morning, half the company went up to see Timmins' pole. It was refixed, quite two feet shorter, guiltless of ironwork except for one small support very close to its base. And the laughter of the girls coming back along the High Street attracted the notice of several highly mystified policemen.

That Saturday night, Fenner, having in his pocket four untouched Treasury notes lately drawn, was hailed by the stage manager. The story had reached him, too. And laughingly he insisted on details, handed Fenner a big drink without too much soda, and chatted pleasantly for ten minutes or so.

"Think out a bit of business half as good, Fenner," he promised, "and it goes in the show right away. Get you out of the ruck, son. Might be your opportunity. Though there's few in this game, worse luck."

And Fenner came down the deserted stairs six at a time, whooping delight at the imminent prospect of a weekly budget multiplied by ten, twenty, fifty perhaps. Until, remembering that he had heard something of the kind at least six times before, he went more soberly out of the stage door.

In the dark alley-way lighted by a single lamp, a girl stood close to the high wall of the theatre. And as Fenner passed the doorway, he saw a pair of big brown eyes, set very close together, that, in the dim light, met his own in inquiry and then recognition. With that round, firm plumpness of limb and body that suggests bigness and strength, the figure in its worn toque and ready-made costume stepped deliberately towards him.

Fenner, who with many faults was at least no philanderer, noted mechanically that the brown hair matched eyes that, had they been an infinitesimal fraction more apart, would have looked out from as pretty a face as he had ever seen. He took two paces sideways. But the girl's voice surprised him.

"Excuse me." Her tones were low, even, but insistent.

He stopped perforce.

"I have been waiting for you," she told him. "You are one of the men who came and worried my father about his pole. I never quite believed that you had anything to do with the Borough Surveyor. To-night in the theatre I knew you again at once. I have been wondering why you did it. And I suppose you thought it a joke. Has it struck you that it was a little mean?"

Fenner's brows puckered in genuine distress.

"Good Lord, Miss—"

"Timmins," said the girl. "Your friend with the notebook took it down."

"Timmins, of course. Well, will you believe me, Miss Timmins, that I am really most dreadfully sorry. I—didn't see it like that at all. As you say, we thought of it as a joke—"

"For three strong young fellows to worry a nervous old man?"

"I say," he protested lamely. "Be fair. I know you're right. It was mean. But won't you give us credit for—for just not seeing that side of it at all?"

For a moment she looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes," she said at last. "I hadn't seen your side either. It was mischief, like—"

[Continued on page xii.]

The Wife of a Poet Laureate's Cricketing Grandson.



FORMERLY THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson is the wife of the famous cricketer, Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, only son of the second Lord Tennyson, and grandson of the famous Poet Laureate. She is the only daughter

of the first Baron Glenconner, and sister of the present holder of the title. Major and Mrs. Tennyson have two sons—Harold Christopher Tennyson and Mark Aubrey Tennyson, born in 1919 and 1920 respectively.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

Artistic Tastes and a Knowledge of Commerce.



THE DAUGHTER OF MRS. RICHARD GUINNESS: MISS ZITA JUNGMAN.

Miss Zita Jungman is the elder daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness, and is a most attractive girl. She is a beautiful ball-room dancer, and, like her mother, has artistic tastes; but this does not complete her list of interests, for she has recently finished a commercial course at the Triangle

School, and so can boast a knowledge of business methods. It will be remembered that Miss Jungman took part in the Court Theatre matinee of Living Pictures organised by Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, and posed by Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY LAFAYETTE.

The Wife of a Great Patron of the Arts.



FORMERLY MISS MARGHERITA VAN RAALTE : LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN.

Lady Howard de Walden is the wife of the eighth Baron Howard de Walden, and the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Van Raalte, of Brownsea Island, Dorset. She was married in February 1912, and has five children—four girls and a boy. The eldest girl, the Hon. Bronwen Mary Scott-Ellis,

and the boy, the Hon. John Osmael Scott-Ellis, are twins, born in November 1912. Lord Howard de Walden is a great patron of theatrical and musical art. He has three country seats—Dean Castle, Island of Shona, and Chirk Castle—as well as a town house

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.

A Film Star Who Glories in Her Work.



NOW IN EUROPE FOR A HOLIDAY: GORGEOUS GLORIA SWANSON.

Miss Gloria Swanson, the famous American film star, recently arrived at Southampton for a holiday in London and Paris. She is one of the most beautifully dressed of all the actresses of the silent stage, and counts "For Better, For Worse," "Why Change Your Wife?" and "The Admirable Crichton" among her successes. She is a friend of

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, and the well-known novelist wrote "The Great Moment" specially for her. Miss Swanson, who is twenty-two years of age, glories in her work and admits that she has attained her heart's desire. In private life she is Mrs. Herbert Somborn, the wife of the head of Equity Films, and has a little girl, also called Gloria.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).

One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual roles, played by J. H. Roberts and Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.

"THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).

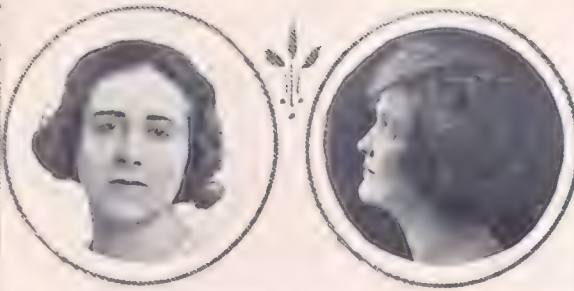
The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM" (SCALA).

A Griffith film play of the French Revolution, of the very best type, convincing and exciting.



SYLVIA IN "TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY": MISS SIBELL ARCHDALE.

THE HEROINE OF "THE CARD-PLAYERS": MISS PEPITA BOBADILLA.



MAKING A GREAT HIT IN "TONS OF MONEY": MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.

Continued.

9. "OTHER PEOPLE'S WORRIES" (COMEDY).

By R. C. Carton. Quite amusing. Miss Compton characteristic. Also Athene Seyler capital; and C. M. Lowne, Edmund Willard, Compton Courts, and Forrester Harvey.

10. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

C. B. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

*1. FRENCH PLAYERS (COURT).

Matinée season. Excellent.

2. "WINDOWS" (COURT).

Interesting and extremely well acted.

3. "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE).

Revue intime.

4. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy



ANNE-MARIE IN "BOUDU SAUVÉ DES EAUX": Mlle. JEANNE CASALIS.



IN "DEAR BRUTUS," AT WYNDHAM'S: MISS MOYNA MACGILL.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD PLAYS.

1. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

2. "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

3. "TONS OF MONEY" (SHAFTESBURY).

Very funny English farce. Ralph Lynn and Yvonne Arnaud first-rate.

4. "A TO Z" (PRINCE OF WALES'S).

New version, with new songs, dresses, scenes, etc.; with Miss Maisie Gay, on her return to London, Miss Teddie Gerard, Mr. Jack Buchanan, and Miss "Gertie" Lawrence still in form. In every way "a jolly good show."

5. "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).

The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

6. "ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renée Reel, and others.

7. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).

A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.

*8. BRITISH OPERA (COVENT GARDEN).

Season of opera in English. Very well worth attending.

[Continued opposite.]



APPEARING IN THE NEW VERSION OF "A TO Z," AFTER HER RETURN FROM AMERICA: MISS MAISIE GAY.

5. "IF FOUR WALLS TOLD" (ROYALTY).

Edyth Goodall.

6. "THE CARD-PLAYERS" (SAVOY).

Rather long; but well acted and well written.

7. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

A Barrie play.

8. "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK).

French farce.

9. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

A "Follyish" show.

10. "DECAMERON NIGHTS" (DRURY LANE).

Very beautiful spectacle.

11. "LOVE'S AWAKENING" (EMPIRE).

Good light opera.

12. THE GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).

New series of plays.

13. "MR. WU" (NEW).

Matheson Lang and Lillian Braithwaite in their original parts.

14. "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD).

Revue magnificent.

15. "MR. PIM PASSES BY" (GLOBE).

A welcome revival.

16. "THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS).

Nelson Keys' Revue.

*17. LASS O' LAUGHTER (QUEEN'S).

Sweetly sentimental comedy. "Peg o' My Heart" -ish.

18. "HIS GIRL" (GAIETY).

Musical Comedy.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments quite

worth seeing. None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. We give the plays mentioned in the order of their merit according to our opinion. * First mention in our list.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

ON A SEASON AND SOME PROSPECTS.

The Season. About this time of year, when the swallows are—or are not—flying in some direction or other, and the Bats are hiving near the St. James's Theatre, one begins to shade a prescient eye with a cautious hand and to gaze forward

and show them How London Lives. It is a comfort, anyway, to have an Opera again. Makes one feel like a citizen of a civilised capital. Same as Paris or Berlin. And that is always the main ambition of the simple-minded, patriotic Londoner.

Galsworthy.

And next to the Opera there is the Serious Drama. Which consists in these days, if you look carefully round the horizon, of Mr. Galsworthy. Almost completely. In every stage of performance and resuscitation. Mr. Lion thumps his drum outside the Court Theatre (to the alarm of the traffic in Sloane Square) and invites you to "Windows." And Mr. Basil Dean vociferates in the vicinity of Cambridge Circus his incitements to the last six people who have not seen "Loyalties." It is a quite remarkable boom for a single (and tolerably retiring) dramatist. And not a bad thing for London, either. "Windows" may be rather like a kindly parody of its author's own work. But "Loyalties" is as good a play (and as gripping an entertainment) as one has ever seen in one's whole life. So we are all to be congratulated that Mr. Galsworthy has come to us in such strength.

Music and Crooks.

And what is the rest of the bill? One may say off-hand that the answer is "Music and Crooks." The fascination of theatrical crime and the mild allurements of light music form the staple of the remaining entertainments prepared for our delectation. The vogue of crime is really quite extraordinary. Quite. Nearly as much so as in real life. And far cleverer in execution.

Penny Dreadfuls.

The taste for criminal drama has a vaguely American air. But it has a foundation deep down in human instinct. The small boy's favourite reading is something in paper covers about Dick Turpin. And his uncle's idea of a real evening's entertainment is to sit in the stalls and watch somebody with a suave voice baffle the detectives. So they are both the same inside, and his crook play is just the adult's equivalent of the penny dreadful. That is all. And we are well supplied with them.



TO APPEAR AT THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND MATINÉE :
MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIET.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, whose fine emotional acting in "The Wheel" has aroused so much admiration, will appear with her company in the Potion Scene of "Romeo and Juliet," at the Newspaper Press Fund matinée, at Drury Lane, on Tuesday, May 16. She was first seen as Juliet at the New Theatre in 1911, and in 1913 she played the rôle at His Majesty's.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

warily down the long avenue of the Season. To see what is coming. In the way of amusements. Because the other kind of event sends out no preliminary notices.

Evenings Out. And one is fairly in a position by mid-May to see what sort of shows we are to have between now and the summer holidays. Which is a matter of the utmost importance to everybody who is in need of occupation between dinner and bed-time. As well as the solemn persons who are themselves engaged in the amusements business.

Opera. The head and front of our entertainments is, of course, the Opera. And not quite so much of that "British," please. Because with Opera, as with cigars, it is sometimes a sort of a suspicion of a term of dispraise. Or anyway of disrespect. And there is nothing about the present tenants of Covent Garden that doesn't merit our highest esteem. Just the same as though their names were uniformly Scotti and Destinn—we beg pardon, Destinnova.

Covent Garden. So you can find in Bow Street that essential incident of a summer Season, the vocal drama. And if you want to impress your rural visitors, just take them to Covent Garden



The Lady. On the musical side we are almost as lucky. Because there is still—there will be, one hopes, for a long, long time—that delightful Lady with her charming Rose. She is (although we admit to one another in low voices that she is a young person of Viennese extraction) the complete answer of European civilisation to the sinister Afro-American alliance which has made our pleasure resorts unapproachable for so long to people with sensitive *tympana*—if that is the correct Harley Street plural. She is still, and one is inclined to hope that she will be (like the people in the quotation) always with us.

Revue.

And outside the circle of drama and musical play there is still the jungle of Revue. With clearings here and there. But civilisation is gradually reducing the area of desolation which was known to geographers as Revue. And soon, perhaps, we shall have the clever people who are at present engaged in presenting incoherences to us set free to do real good work. Wouldn't it be fine to have the organising ability of Mr. Cochran and the taste of his decorators and all the gifts of all his multifarious casts devoted to the production of real, consecutive plays?



TO APPEAR IN THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND MATINÉE :
MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AS HECUBA.

Miss Sybil Thorndike, who is admittedly the finest tragic actress of the day, will be seen in the rôle of Hecuba in Euripides' "Trojan Women"—Professor Gilbert Murray's translation—at the Newspaper Press Fund matinée, on May 16, at Drury Lane. In this part she reaches the heights of tragedy, and her interpretation of Hecuba is one of the finest pieces of work she has ever done. Needless to say, the Newspaper Press Fund is a splendid organisation, and it is to be hoped that everyone will support it. Tickets can be obtained from Drury Lane box office and the usual agents.

Beautiful Zyrot Models at 14, Hanover Square, W.



Photos. by Bacon, Bond St., London, W.

HATS FOR £3.13.6.

The above are a few actual Photographs of a large number of Hats specially designed by Zyrot et Cie, Ltd., to be sold at the low price of 3½ Guineas.



Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Tourist Trophy Races.

Practice on the Isle of Man road course for the Senior, Junior, and Light-Weight Motor-Cycle Tourist Trophy races starts on Monday next, so the inhabitants of Manxland once more will be awakened by the reveille of the open exhausts of the machines as they daily career over the mountain road of Snaefell from daylight to seven o'clock in the morning. On Tuesday, May 30, and Thursday, June 1, the Junior and Senior races will be run; but the Auto-Cycle Union regretfully could not grant a permit for another local road race on this course for the Wednesday between these two events, as they felt that it might prove detrimental to the race on Thursday by cutting up the roads after the gruelling they would have on the Tuesday. In fact, if any mending or patching required doing after Tuesday's race, only Wednesday was available. Unfortunately, this decision has upset the Manx club, though, if permission had been asked to run this local event for amateurs on the Friday after the T.T., it would have been granted. I do not suppose the welcome to the boys who are racing will be any the less by the inhabitants of Douglas, yet it is a pity that any soreness should be felt with the officials of the A.C.U. and the committee. Anyway, I suggest that the "hand of Fatima," which is supposed to avert the evil eye—the trademark of the Rudge-Whitworth firm—should be handed to all concerned, to bring good luck to the meeting. Five is a lucky number among the Arabs, I might explain, so the uplifted hand shows five—four fingers and the thumb; also Fatima, the favourite daughter of Mahomet, raised her hand once to save some prisoners about to be slain—thus this symbol became a charm for good luck. Perhaps that is why the Rudge machines carry it always, as fortune plays some part in such road races, however good the machines may be.

Petrol-Testing Engine.

Having survived the shock of the Budget, and not expecting any less taxation for my motoring, I have come to the conclusion that the only means for economy is to get the best out of what I buy. Some folk think petrol is just petrol, and that is all there is to it; but the Shell-Mex people have a testing laboratory at Shoreham in which they test all kinds and brands in a specially constructed variable-compression motor. Unless they saw it for themselves, I do not think people would believe the difference in power produced by various samples; and, in order to convince the motoring public there is more mileage in Shell, this company is publishing in its announcements the impressions of

prominent writers who have visited the petrol-testing laboratories. Thank goodness, I am not famous, so have not provided any copy; but you never know when you may jump into that arena. 'Tis a fickle thing is fame.

Reliability in Australia.

News from Australian motorists tells me that veteran Mr. Boyd Edkins has scored again in the opening competition of their season of the R.A.C. of Australia with his eight-years-old 20-h.p. Vauxhall. Mr.



IN POSITION AS A REAR WIND-SCREEN: THE COVER FOR SUNK DICKEY SEATS RAISED.—[Photograph by R. F. Hunter.]

Leslie Walton and the other Vauxhall directors must be proud of this old car that seems invincible year after year. In the 106 miles from Sydney to the foot of the Bulli Pass and back by way of Campbelltown and the Paramatta Road to the starting point, this Vauxhall consumed less than three gallons of petrol—actually, 36.0 miles per gallon. I am



WITH THE REAR WIND-SCREEN COVERING THE SUNK DICKEY SEATS: A CLEVER SOLUTION OF A DIFFICULTY.

This unique sports body, designed by the Albany Carriage Company, on a six-cylinder Delage chassis, shows a clever solution to the difficulty of fitting a rear screen for the sunk dicky seats. The cover-board over the seats has been utilised as a screen by fitting the three glazed lights. Our other photograph shows the car with the wind-screen raised in position.—[Photograph by R. F. Hunter.]

waiting patiently to try one of the new 14-h.p. Vauxhalls, as this is—rumour murmurs—as good as this old 20-h.p., together with all the latest improvements in automobile design. In the meanwhile, the 30-08-h.p.

Vauxhall touring-cars seem to meet me every time I take out my modest bus, whether it is only to go to Brooklands or a real journey down the Great West Road. It is a most popular car, if one may judge by the enthusiastic owners you meet at every halting spot. In fact, at almost every hostelry where I have had luncheon there has been a Vauxhall owner too. I am beginning to think they haunt me because by some uncanny sense they know I want a "fourteen" and the bank balance won't let me have one.

Sunbeams in Surrey.

I had a delightful run on the new six-cylinder overhead-valve-engined Sunbeam last week with the sun shining all the time as I toured round Surrey visiting Little Switzerland, Abinger Hammer; ran into an otter hunt; up and down the hills galore; with splendid vistas of woods and pastures—in fact, an ideal day over a circular route round the county. And, mind you, no trouble at all with the Surrey constabulary, though when I tell you how the car ran you may wonder how I escaped. Proceeding out of London to Robin Hood Gate, at the foot of Kingston Hill, this six-cylinder Sunbeam accelerated from twenty-one miles an hour to fifty-two miles an hour up that incline—the short, steep part of it—so I took my foot up as that was good enough, and one must not tempt fortune too greatly. Further out in the country there is a straight road without turnings for a couple of miles, and the Sunbeam got going over seventy miles per hour on that stretch; so, having demonstrated speed, rapid acceleration, and efficiency of brakes, I ambled round the county for the rest of the day to enjoy its pleasant places. For the smoothness of its running on top gear all the time at a very moderate speed is the real test of a car and pleasure in motoring. This the Sunbeam fulfilled, as its reserve of power flattened the roads as if rises did not exist while the car is so easy to handle that a child could drive it. Early spring, with the young leaf and blossoms just breaking out, gives a freshness even to spots that are almost hackneyed, and the Surrey lanes invited one to linger. The blue coats of the folks—men and women—taking part in the otter hunt added further colour to the scene. But I noticed even here the ubiquity of the motor, for a van was waiting for the hounds on the roadside to motor them back to the kennels after the kill. Truly it was a day of sunbeams in Surrey, and not the least was the Sunbeam that carried me afar from the toils of labour to pastoral pleasures.



Barclay's

London

Lager

AFTER a morning's golf, when you reach the Club House, hungry for lunch—a nutty heart of celery, new bread warm from the oven, cheese, and a glass of foaming—Barclay's London Lager

Brewed by BARCLAY, PERKINS & CO., LTD., SOUTHWARK, S.E.

WOMAN'S WAYS *By* MABEL HOWARD



The Ubiquitous Jumper.

Some two years ago, many of those whose names count in the dressmaking world predicted that the jumper had had its day and would speedily sink into the realms of oblivion. But

being placed upon an artificial silk-and-wool suit having a belted coat and revers, sleeves and breast-pocket bound with braid. Many artistic colour-effects are obtainable. Patterned jumpers are greatly in favour; one in wool had an all-over pattern worked in silk in broché effect; another had open stitch bands; and yet another was trimmed with bands worked in diamond fashion.

The Newest Scarves and Hosiery.

Foremost in Jays' spring collection are black silk stockings, fine as a spider's web, with fronts inset with precious lace. Those simply adorned with openwork clox are also prominently displayed; while suitable wear for the sportswoman is indicated by the thoroughly workmanlike examples illustrated, which are in fawn wool decorated with brown and cream diamonds, and cost 28s. 6d. Scarves this spring seem more enveloping than ever. Stripes and checks profusely adorn them, and their colours are of Eastern beauty. The one portrayed here is of fleecy pink Alpaca wool with a coloured diamond design running down the middle. The diamond adornment repeated in both stocking and scarf is worthy of every attention.



There is nothing about which sportswomen are more particular than their stockings, gloves, and scarves, so Jays', Regent Street, have contributed to this page the attractive scarf, sports hose, and embroidered gloves above.

here it is still in our midst, not one bit spoilt by popularity, captivating as ever under its springlike guises, having trespassed upon our affections to the partial eclipse of the blouse. And if there is one firm more than another to whom we are indebted for so many wholly charming and individual expressions of this sartorial appurtenance, it is Jays', Regent Street, W.1. It would be impossible to surpass the variety of designs that prevails here, or the subtlety with which that "distinctive touch" is added. The majority of their newest models possess a simplicity of outline which lovers of exaggeration might call ordinary; but their methods of materialisation and adornment are so out of the ordinary that they could not fail to win approval. Take, for instance, the model of one possessing the attractive addition of a skirt *en suite*; materialised in an artificial silk mixture of green, black, and white. Simple withal, yet how irrevocable is that individual note given by the medalion on the front bearing an embroidered design of golf clubs and balls! What fair golfer could resist it? Jays' also reproduce the 'same idea for the wielder of the tennis racquet, and the price for the combined garment is but 12½ guineas.

Stripes to the Fore.

Stripes are much in evidence where knitted frocks and also suits are concerned, the pretty model sketched being of white wool striped with dark blue silk, and cunningly finished upon one side with tie-ends of the latter colour. That it may be had for 8½ guineas seems almost too wonderful to be true, the same extraordinarily low price

Sunshade Modes.

With the fashionable races, Ascot and Goodwood, looming not so very far in the future, a word anent parasols should not come amiss. Paris has declared for those conveying the same colouring, and as far as possible the same material, as the gown, and Jays', with that faculty they have for bringing the Rue de la Paix to Regent Street, are carefully guarding against any gown having no suitable escort. The sword handle is the most favoured one, and this is encrusted with shells of different hues and wondrously carved ivory, besides painted wood. One charming model had black-and-white tassels dangling from each point of the black-



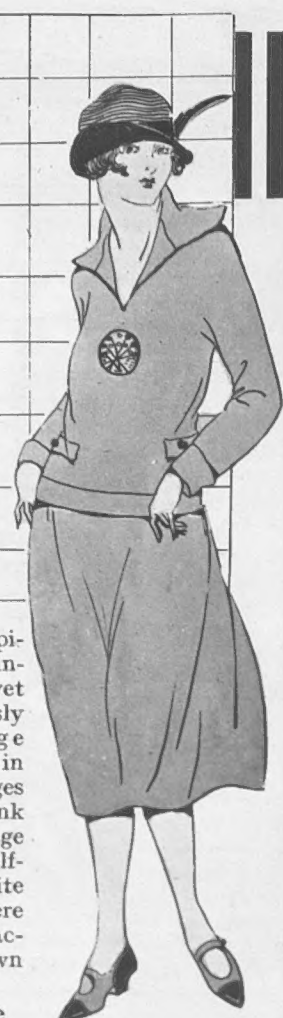
Just the very thing for tennis is this artificial silk frock, with its blue silk streamers, sketched at Jays', Regent Street.

and - white shade, and a most original handle to correspond. Another of early Victorian design was ornamented with hand-painting in delicious colourings; another was of typical Japanese inspiration; and yet another obviously Indian. Fringe played its part in decorating the edges of a pretty pink example, silk fringe being used of self-same hue; white ostrich feathers were turned to good account on a brown model.

Distinctive Glove Wear.

How practical and at the same time delightful in appearance are the new washable

suède gloves which Jays' now have in soft shades of grey and beige in addition to white. They are elbow length, and wash beautifully, while their price per pair is but 15s. 9d. Gauntlet gloves are accorded every attention here. There is the fabric variety lined with some contrasting shade at 7s. 9d., specially recommended for hard wear. The more delicate doeskin and suède contingent, decorated with dainty stitchery, and the always smart white kid with embroideries of fine black soutache—those similar to our sketch being priced at 25s. 6d. per pair—are all well worth closely investigating. Mention, too, must be made of the newest oblong-shaped handkerchiefs, particularly intended to tuck in the breast-pocket. They are attractively patterned with Egyptian friezes of contrasting colourings, and Chinese hieroglyphics boldly printed on wisps of biscuit-tinted crêpe-de-Chine. It is details of sartorialism such as these that help to place Jays' on a plane apart.



Something different is always to be found at Jays', so it is not a matter for surprise that this jumper and skirt was sketched in their salons.

Olive Hewerdine

[Continued overleaf.]



When dainty
little Miss
Joan
Barry

goes
hat buying
her choice
naturally
alights
on —



Condors

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BY DOROTHY WILDING.



WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.



She is wearing a frock of Melso silk jersey, which falls into exquisite folds, and can be embroidered or beaded if necessary.

A Beautiful British Fabric.

It is an acknowledged fact that British artificial silk is admirable. All women have heard of Melso—that delightful artificial silk jersey used for frocks and lingerie—but few realise that it is British made from start to finish. Melso can be obtained in every colour, and is made in two widths. The heavier texture, suitable for dresses and coat frocks, is 55 inches wide, while the finer material, which is unshrinkable and makes the most delightful “undies,” is 40 inches. Melso has been used for the beautiful frock sketched here. This supple fabric never sags, and drapes to perfection, therefore it can be beaded and embroidered with the greatest facility. Melso is noted for its durability, and there is just the right stretch and resistance about it to make charming jumpers. The manufacturers, Melson, Clifford, and Co., will supply patterns to all who apply by letter to 147, Great Portland Street, London.

The Charm of Embroidered Linen.

Harvey Nichols' inexpensive frock department is a haven of delight at the present moment. All the summer dresses are displayed—tennis frocks, garden-party frocks, and those delightful little cotton gowns that can be worn on all

occasions. Nothing costs more than six guineas, and there are striped zephyr dresses with hand-embroidered voile collars and cuffs for 45s. The frock depicted on this page is carried out in pure linen, and can be obtained in several colours. Bound, and hand-embroidered in white on tomato linen, it is really exquisite. The sides button over an inset panel, and can be opened when necessary. Pure wool Kremnet makes delightful river frocks. These cost 59s. 6d., and look beautifully cool in broad lemon-and-white or blue-and-white stripes. Coloured georgette frocks, embroidered with tiny white beads, have fascinating white collars, and little cuffs on the short sleeves. With the exception of the linen frock, all these dresses will be sent on approval, and catalogues also will be supplied.

Frocks for the Holidays.

Everyone knows that an illustrated catalogue is a great help when choosing new clothes. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have just issued a delightful booklet picturing all their newest summer frocks, besides costumes, hats, and even dresses for the babies. There are charming wool jumpers, with three-quarter sleeves and big collars, for 37s. 6d. These can be obtained in all colours; also the practical brushed-wool sports coats, which are only 52s. 6d. Cretonne parasols, in the loveliest designs, and finished with painted wooden tips, are priced from 12s. 9d. Everyone requires a soft felt hat for the summer—these cost 20s. in white or colours; but by applying for the catalogue it is possible to choose a whole trousseau with a minimum of trouble.

Spring-Time Reflections.

Every woman faced with that annual disturbance known as spring cleaning will give much serious thought as to how it is to be carried out and the best course to pursue. To begin with, the curtains show grim traces of a foggy winter; cushions, too, are dirty; while all hangings are decidedly faded. The need for economy is great, and Pullars of Perth will undertake the cleaning and dyeing of all upholstery at very moderate prices. For four generations this firm has been unrivalled for quality of work; therefore, send your spring cleaning to the nearest Pullar branch or agency, or post it direct to Perth.

To Clean Suède Shoes.

Everyone knows that excellent composition called Nugget Boot Polish, which produces such a brilliant shine on all leathers. It is indispensable when travelling, for one application will last several days if the shoes are rubbed each morning with a soft cloth. Indeed, we have all used Nugget for our black and brown shoes; but there may be some women who do not know that it can be applied with great success to suède shoes. Nugget is made in several shades, and after a few applications of black, brown, or tony red polish the soiled and faded shoes will appear equal to new. Nugget has built up a reputation for prolonging the life of shoes, for it

preserves the leather from heat and rain, besides giving it the much-desired high polish.

The Crowning Glory.

For many years that simple little flower, camomile, has been used for beautifying the hair. The Camomile Tonic Company, 16, Lichfield Road, Cricklewood, have made a special study of this herb, with the result that it is now possible to obtain a very beneficial shampoo which works wonders on dull, lustreless hair. So many women, even when quite young, lose that bright, burnished appearance of the hair which is such a charm. Others have natural tints and undulations that can be infinitely improved with proper treatment. Camilatone is not a dye, it is simply a magic shampoo that restores the lost glory of the hair and imparts a burnished gloss and wave to usually lank tresses. Camilatone Special works miracles on faded and darkening hair, while Camilatone Extra Special should be used if the hair is going grey. These shampoos are very easily applied at home, and the tone can be varied according to the length of time the tonic julep is left on the hair. Camilatone is an excellent shampoo for the nursery, and every mother will acknowledge that much depends on how a child's hair is treated in youth.

Camilatone is splendid for the scalp, and keeps it in a naturally healthy condition.

It makes a child's hair soft and fluffy—full of sunshine, and so easy to curl after washing.

If your hairdresser is unable to supply you with Camilatone, write to the makers, who will be pleased to send all details.



Tomato-coloured linen embroidered with white makes this lovely frock sketched at Harvey Nichols'.